FORTY YEARS ON THE LABRADOR

THE LIFE-STORY OF SIR WILFRED GRENFELL

By ERNEST H. HAYES

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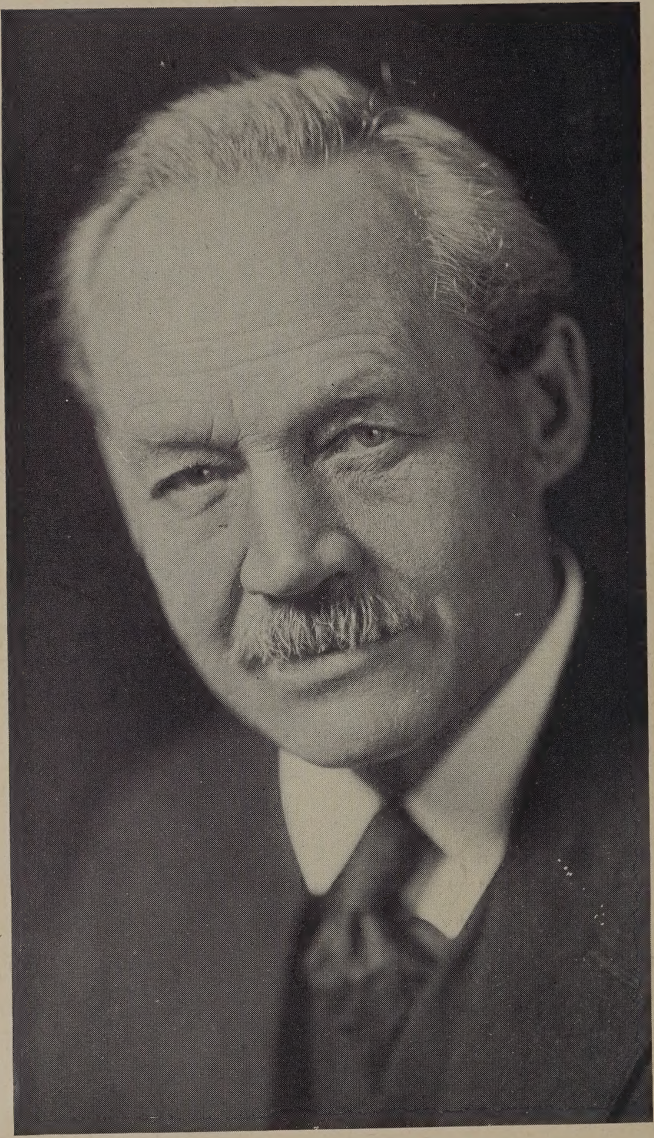

SIR WILFRED GRENFELL, K.C.M.G.

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By
ERNEST H. HAYES
Author of "The Concise Guides," "Yarns on Social Pioneers," etc., etc.

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PREFACE

SIR WILFRED T. GRENFELL is himself such a prolific writer, and his work has been the theme of so many other writers, that the only justification for this new "Life" is that it meets an obvious need. Nowhere is it possible to get a consecutive story of Grenfell's life and work, told in brief compass, and arranged to show its steady development to the present time. One has been at pains, therefore, to arrange the leading events in his life in their right chronological order; to select typical incidents that show his varied service for Jesus Christ; and to describe them with sufficient fulness to make an interesting story rather than a mere recital of facts.

I gladly acknowledge my indebtedness to Dr. F. W. Willway, one of Grenfell's colleagues, and the first medical missionary to winter in Labrador (now Secretary and General Superintendent of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen), who has kindly read the manuscript, and made some valuable suggestions. Through his courtesy I have also had access to Grenfell's reports and log-books, which contain material for many volumes. For obvious reasons I have sought my material in those earlier records, rather than in recent books, or in the full and absorbing Autobiography, published first in 1920, and, recently, brought up-to-date. The latter has been referred to in order to check dates and facts, but where these do not agree with the doctor's original records, the latter have been accepted as correct. The final chapter brings the record of Sir Wilfred down to the present year—1930.

E. H. H.

London.

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I

"ACROSS THE SANDS OF DEE"

CHARLES KINGSLEY wrote his pathetic poem, *The Sands of Dee,* from first-hand knowledge, while Canon of Chester Cathedral. For although the famous old city is some miles from Parkgate, where the sands of Dee sprawl out across the wide estuary, Kingsley had explored them thoroughly, in company with the Rev. A. C. Grenfell, owner and headmaster of Mostyn House School. On his visits to Parkgate, the Canon stayed with the Grenfells, who were his wife's relatives. In that home were two small boys, one of them, Wilfred, ~~being an imp of seven, having been~~ was born on February 28, 1865. We cannot imagine the author of *Westward Ho!* holding himself aloof from Wilfred or his brother Algernon. On the contrary, Algernon remembers Kingsley taking young Wilfred on his knee, and " feeling his bumps " for a bit of fun.

Wilfred Grenfell was a boy after Kingsley's own heart, a fact that became clearer during the next few years. The spirit of the sands of Dee seems to have possessed the soul of this boy, inspiring him with something of its own wild restlessness and swift, unswerving purpose. For silent, remorseless, irresistible, the tide crept up the deep gutters, and turned solid sandbanks into shifting and treacherous quicksands. The sands of Dee gave Wilfred and his brother crowded days of sheer delight and spicy adventure. Timorous and conservative parents would have set bounds on the boys' freedom of the sands, because of the dangers, but the brothers were singularly fortunate in their parents, and enjoyed to the full the liberty they were allowed.

Both sides of the Grenfell family came of venturesome and fighting stock. Wilfred must have imbibed the zest for conflict from his mother, for her family, the Hutchinsons, had included several distinguished generals and colonels in the Indian military service. Stories that the boy heard later at his mother's knee included the thrilling exploit of her eldest brother, who had played a heroic part in the Indian Mutiny. His father, not to be outdone, could talk of the great days of Elizabeth, when the Grenfells were one of the fighting families of England. Wilfred would swell his chest and recite with pride snatches of Tennyson's ballad, *The Revenge,* specially the stirring words that the poet had put into the mouth of their famous ancestor, as the gallant old sea-dog lay a-dying:

> *"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant*
> *man and true;*
> *I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do;*
> *With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die!"*

Through the days of boyhood Wilfred lived up to the traditions of his forbears. Gun in hand, he roamed the sands of Dee, hunting the wild fowl that dwelt there in legions. His innate love of the sea was strengthened rather than discouraged by her treacherous attempts on his young life. In sweeping across the sands she was cunning enough to cut new and deep tracks, and more than once while wading out after birds he had shot, the boy fell head over heels into a deep and unexpected channel. At other times she came silently flooding in, cutting him off from the mainland, so that he suddenly found himself on shifting quicksands, and had to make a quick scramble for life.

Nothing pleased him better than going out on the estuary in the canoe he and his brother had made with their own hands, exploring the river's mouth from end to end. Sometimes, in order to be on the spot for duck-shooting at daybreak, the boys would sleep out all night in a derelict hut five miles up-river, making a fire and cooking their meals there.

There was nothing " goody-goody " about Wilfred, as he tells us himself:

sounds like MS Kai Shek

With all the boys of my acquaintance, we hated going to church. I have made my nose bleed more than once to escape evening services, and had headache and made excuses all I dared, to escape. My brother was flogged for melting toffee on the hot-water pipes in church; we left some of the silver paper behind, and that betrayed us. He was almost expelled from school for putting beeswax on the boys' seats in front, to the detriment of several pairs of trousers. We did all we could to enliven the time we had to put in there, and thought it well worth the risk of the stick after. There were two prayers in the morning service, and one in the evening, that I could always sleep through safely, to be awakened in time to sit up when the others rose. The only Sunday service I loved was the hour's reading before tea, when my mother read to us good books like Hesba Stretton's, Mrs. Walton's, Mrs. Gaskell's. We used to lie on the floor, or anywhere about. I can tell those stories now. I have lived those hours over again many times since.

When he grew older, Wilfred's passion for stalking and shooting birds for the sheer love of adventure, developed into a laudable desire to make a scientific collection—stuffed, mounted, correctly named and classified. He spent hours out on the edge of the estuary, visiting the hut of an old fisherman, who was a rare hand at snaring and stuffing wild birds of every description. Days and even nights were spent in snaring or shooting dunlins, sand-pipers, oyster-catchers, curlews, turnstones, king-plovers, mallards, etc., so as to make the Grenfell collection as complete as possible.

At fourteen, Wilfred had to turn his back on the sea he loved, on his fishermen friends, and on the wild fowl whose ways he knew so intimately, to enter Marlborough "College," for which he had won a scholarship. Here he was merely one among six hundred boys, but he soon found his feet. During his first week he earned the uncomplimentary nickname of "the Beast." A bigger boy, just promoted from the lower school, thought to take a rise out of this "fresher" by bullying him. The bully had not reckoned with the Grenfell spirit, however, and was taken aback literally when this small boy sprang at him with the ferocity of a tiger. The scrap was over in a few moments. The bully learned a wholesome lesson, the onlookers decided to treat this new boy with respect, and Wilfred had won his spurs—and a nickname.

During his three years at Marlborough, young Grenfell proved himself well above the average schoolboy in pranks, mischief and athletics, but not very brilliant at his studies. More than once he broke the school rules to get an extra swim in the open-air swimming bath; being out after hours was also a weakness. The lure of the neighboring Savernake Forest, with its many opportunities for adding to the Grenfell collection of birds and insects, also proved stronger than his sense of obedience to rules. He knew he could as hopefully ask for the moon as for permission to spend the night in the forest with his specimen-box, treacle-pot and net. The result was that more than once, under the protecting cloak of night, a boy closely resembling " the Beast " might have been seen dropping out of his dormitory window on to the roof of the laundry below. This roof gave access to the top of the school wall, and the rest was easy. Whether he learned much or little at Marlborough, Grenfell is to this day proud of the fact that he became expert at Rugger there, and an adept with the boxing gloves.

When he reached eighteen, important home changes led him to face up to the serious business of life. His father gave up the school at Parkgate, and accepted the post of chaplain to the London Hospital in Whitechapel Road. Before the change was made, a family conclave was held on the subject of the boy's future. He himself had no clearly-defined ideas to express, and only one suggestion to make. Looking at the stuffed heads of big game that adorned Mostyn House, and were trophies of the good marksmanship of his uncles in India, he ingenuously remarked that big game hunting in the East would be congenial. A friend of the family suggested that he should become an Indian missionary, but he turned that down instanter. In the end, he was sent to talk the matter over with the family doctor. The doctor kept several horses, as his practice was a scattered one. He had had some adventurous journeys, too, and practically lived an outdoor life. This may have prepared Wilfred's mind for what followed, for whilst looking at some specimens, a " human brain in pickle " so fascinated him with the wonder of the human body that he decided there and then to become a doctor.

His desire dovetailed usefully into the family plans. When his father entered upon his duties as chaplain of the London Hospital, Wilfred began his medical studies in connection with the same institution. He flung himself into his new life in London with that enthusiasm and restless energy that have always marked him out. His interest in the subject helped him to make good progress with his studies, both general and medical, at London University. Needless to say, he was well to the front in both the University and Inter-hospital sports and athletic fixtures. The London Hospital—then as now—was surrounded by a surging, turbulent sea of suffering, poverty and crime, and he soon found plenty of opportunity to study not only disease, but life in the rough. Sailors, fishermen, and stevedores from the great docks were conspicuous among the patients who were brought, or came, to the hospital for treatment. With his passion for the sea, these men were objects of special interest to Grenfell, and in his brief hours of leisure he visited the docks and riverside haunts of the sailors.

At twenty he was a keen and promising medical student, with more than average success on the athletic side, but with his spiritual nature as yet undeveloped. He attended Church of England services more out of respect for his parents than from any vital interest in religion. Then came the turning point. One evening, after visiting a patient in Shadwell, his attention was caught by a large tent, erected for special services on a piece of waste ground. Out of sheer curiosity he went in. At first he was attracted by the breezy manner of D. L. Moody, who was conducting the meeting; but when someone addicted to long prayers began a verbose and long-winded oration to the Almighty, he got up to leave. Suddenly he stopped, for Moody had jumped up and announced:

"We will sing a hymn while our brother is finishing his prayer."

Such unconventional and practical methods appealed to Grenfell greatly, and he stayed on. Moody's straight and manly challenge to those present to give their lives to Jesus Christ made a deep impression on him, and he went home thinking deeply. Much of the religion around him was not merely unattractive in his eyes—it seemed of little value. Could an athletic young medical student, full of physical health, and deeply in love with the adventure of life, find any use for religion? It was evident that Moody believed he could. Next day Grenfell went down to Shadwell of set purpose to inquire further into this vital matter. Providentially, the speaker in the tent that night was J. E. K. Studd, the famous cricketer.

"If such a man has found a use for religion, and can publicly proclaim the fact, what is good enough for J. E. K. Studd will suit me," said Grenfell to himself.

After the address, the cricketer invited those who were willing to entrust their lives to Jesus Christ as their Saviour and Captain, to stand up. No one moved, and Grenfell was surprised to find how difficult it was to get upon his feet. He was genuinely thrilled when he saw a youth from a training ship stand up, for he knew a plucky act when he saw one. Imagining what that boy could expect from his mates sitting around him, Grenfell stood up also out of sympathy, and thereby nailed his own colors to the mast.

II

IN THE EAST END OF LONDON

THERE were no half measures about Grenfell. He believed that the only way to show himself a Christian was by being one—and surely he was right! He volunteered for service to the vicar of the church his family attended, and was offered the job of Sunday School teacher. The boys in his class proved unruly young ragamuffins, whose lives all the week were spent amid sights and scenes that made his Sunday lesson of little or no avail.

The young medical student determined to try some other method. He was still so much a boy at heart himself that he saw a better way of winning his boys than just talking at them. One Saturday night he invited them to his home, cleared the dining-room of furniture, and taught them how to box. The experiment was completely successful. He won the boys, but became lost to his church. In those days such methods were unheard of, and they were condemned off-hand by his vicar. Without hesitation he resigned from the school, and transferred his energies to a ragged school on Ratcliffe Highway. Here he had great success by the methods now common, through the activities of boys' clubs and the Y. M. C. A., etc., of which Grenfell was a pioneer.

Street preaching and temperance work near the docks provided him with more than one adventure after his own heart. He went to public houses along the riverside, urging sailors and dockers to give up their drunken ways. One night a publican thought he would teach this meddlesome student a lesson for interfering with his trade. Two of his creatures barred the door, so that Wilfred could not escape, while two others set upon him. Their plan was to make Grenfell drunk by forcing whiskey down his throat, so that he would be a laughing-stock of the district, and could not preach against drunkenness any more. But the publican's men had tackled the wrong man! Instead of the milksop they expected, they found this "teetotal crank" was not only able to defend himself with skill, but could attack as well! In the scrimmage that followed Wilfred won easily, and was thereafter safe from attack—and the people of Shadwell learned that an athlete and a skilful boxer could also be a Christian.

Later on Wilfred went to Oxford for a term's study, and obtained his "Blue" for Rugby football there. Through the passing of the years his love of the sea remained as ardent as ever. His vacations were spent with his elder brother in an original and congenial manner. Between them they hired an old fishing-smack, and with one or two fellow-students who had signed on as crew, went on voyages of exploration in the Irish Sea. That they had several narrow escapes from shipwreck was only to be expected, since they were sailing along a strange coast, with an amateur crew on board—but it was seafaring, and that was the only thing that mattered.

When the first of these holidays was over, Wilfred went back to the slums of London to carry on his work among the boys. He was, of course, full of his adventures at sea, and as he talked about them the envy of the boys pulled him up sharply. He suddenly realized that he had been describing the glories of the freedom of the sea to a group of prisoners, bound hand and foot to the drab and odorous factories of a great city. There and then he vowed that they should go with him when next he went to sea. This led to a series of holidays on the sea, or in camp by the sea, that opened a new world to these lads. Incidentally, it started a new method of Christian work, for in organizing the first holiday camps for boys, Grenfell proved himself once more a pioneer. This was an expression of his originality in regarding healthy recreation, and the care of the body, as a realm of life in which Christ could be Master. How far he was influenced by the precepts and example of his relative, Charles Kingsley, is a matter for conjecture. Both of them stood for what has been termed "muscular Christianity."

At twenty, Grenfell began "walking the hospitals." This meant that he was in charge of a certain number of cases, keeping the necessary records, and reporting on each when the visiting doctors went their rounds. Apart from the value of this medical training, he learned to know intimately the lives of many of the patients under his care. Some of them were sailors, who could tell him many a yarn of the sea. Some were fishermen of the great North Sea fleet, injured at their work on the Dogger Bank, and brought home on the fish carriers for hospital treatment. In walking the hospital he also learned to know and admire the great masters of his profession. One surgeon to whom he was particularly attracted was Frederick Treves (afterwards Sir Frederick), a skilled surgeon, and a clever teacher of others, and, above all, a fine Christian. Although steadily rising to the top of his profession, Frederick Treves found time to take a deep interest in the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, which has since become known as the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. He spent several of his well-earned holidays with the North Sea fishing fleet, doctoring the fishermen—thereby following the example of the London 'bus-driver who spent a holiday riding round London on the top of a friend's 'bus! Grenfell has written for us a description, in the form of a fisherman's story, of Frederick Treves' first visit to the fleet:

> He was every inch a sailor born, never seasick, and able to be about in all weathers, blow high, blow low. I have seen him in the small boats when they were boarding fish, and on the carrier's bridge, when the seas were coming over both to leeward and to wind'ard, and the men and fish boxes being washed about in the scuppers like a lot of ninepins. He never missed a haul without turning out and giving a hand the whole time he was out, and helped to paw the net like a new deck-hand. He had the right stuff in him.

At twenty-three Grenfell finished his training at the London Hospital, and won the diplomas of the Royal College of Physicians and Royal College of Surgeons.

Now came the time when he had to face up to what he would do with his life. When entering on his medical studies, his only idea had been to go into practice when the time came, and make a lot of money. His success at the examinations proved that this aim could easily have been realized. But under God, D. L. Moody had altered all that. Grenfell had now other uses for his life than the making of money, or the achievement of success even in so useful a profession. He talked over his next step with Frederick Treves, who knew of his passion for an outdoor life, his thirst for adventure, and his love for the sea.

"They want a young doctor to go out on the North Sea for the Mission," suggested the famous surgeon, "to doctor the fishermen, and also to help with the religious work. Why not go and try it? But don't go in summer; go in winter, when you can see the life of the men at its hardest, and when they have the greatest need of a doctor."

With a kindling heart Grenfell listened eagerly as Frederick Treves talked about the fine work of the Mission, and its prospects. From personal knowledge he could promise plenty of adventure on the high seas, with more than a suspicion of peril, abundant scope for a doctor's skill, and Christian service among a deserving set of men.

To a Grenfell the suggestion was supremely attractive. The Mission was then in its infancy, and the inclusion of regular medical work in its program would be an experiment. Here was pioneering to be done, of the adventurous type that would alone fully satisfy him. There and then he offered to go out for the Mission in January. That would be the worst season of the year from the point of view of hardship and peril at sea, but he knew that it would also be the time when his services as a doctor would be in greatest demand.

During the weeks that elapsed before he could make a start with his work, his imagination, equipped with the wings of youth, took high flights of fancy. When he passed near the docks and saw a big ship moored there, he pictured himself on such a vessel, doctoring the fishermen of the Dogger Bank. Thus it came about that when the time came for him to go aboard the Mission ship at Yarmouth on a dismal and foggy day in January, he suffered a severe shock. He could hardly find the *Ensign,* for the Mission ship was so small and mean. It looked but little better than the old smack in which he and his brother had roved the Irish Sea on pleasure bent. The shock was so great, and the night so dismal, that he was about to turn tail and flee, when the skipper, expectant, roared out a cheery welcome. The hesitant doctor at once flung his doubts to the winds, and slid down the rigging to get swiftly aboard. His impetuosity left its mark on him, for the rigging had been tarred and greased that day! But nothing mattered now, and in a few seconds he found himself in a cosy cabin, where everything was as clean as a new pin, and the welcome as hearty as one would expect from a sailor.

Next morning it did not take him long to explore the *Ensign,* for it was a tiny craft, albeit different from any vessel he had ever seen. The steersman's wheel was adorned with a strange legend:

" Jesus said, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

By poking his head over the bows, he could read his own marching orders, as well as those of the boat, painted there in large letters: " Heal the sick ": " Preach the Word."

As the *Ensign* ploughed her way through the waves, Grenfell had another shock—he discovered that they were heading direct to Ostend to pick up a cargo of tobacco. That seemed a queer business for a Mission ship, and a waste of time for a young doctor. After several yarns with the bluff old skipper, however, Grenfell learned a little more about the ways of the Deep Sea Mission. The *Ensign* was going to a Continental port to get tobacco in order to avoid paying duty on it to the English customs! Their object was not to become smugglers, but to beat undesirable competitors.

III

ALONG THE DOGGER

GRENFELL'S first trip for the Mission occupied two months, and he enjoyed every moment of it. The weather was bitterly cold, and for weeks on end the *Ensign's* deck was not clear of ice. While getting their tobacco aboard at Ostend they were frozen in. At last they reached the Dogger Bank, and the fight and the doctoring began in earnest. The great fishing fleet was scattered at their work along this famous submerged sandbank, that stretches for a hundred miles opposite the Yorkshire coast. The main fleet was subdivided into smaller fleets, each having its own flag and serving under its own admiral, one of the experienced skippers appointed by his colleagues in conjunction with the owners of the vessels. The voting went solely on skill, as proved by the success of the fishing, and in handling the vessels in times of peril or difficulty.

The *Ensign* was attached to the Red and White fleet, known by the men as "the Rashers," because the red and white striped flag at their masthead looked like a rasher of streaky bacon. Their boat was no mere interloper or idler; it had to help to pay its way by its catch, so it went fishing like the rest of the fleet. Their first job, however, was to distribute the cargo of tobacco, by arranging with Christian skippers to take supplies, and to sell them at slightly above cost price to the fishermen in their own fleet. Undesirable competitors called copers were out after the same trade, but with a different purpose. These copers were trading vessels hailing from various ports, chiefly Continental, and their official work was to visit the fishing fleets to sell the various supplies needed by the men while at sea. Their real object, however, was to push the sale of fiery spirits of poor quality at high prices, utterly regardless of the bad effects on the men. In short, the copers were low-class public-houses at sea, thriving on the ruin and degradation of their customers. Admirals, skippers, deck-hands and apprentices alike, were in many cases ruined by their activity. As Grenfell heard his skipper tell of good men he had known, who had not only lost their ships, but caused the destruction of all the lives on board through the lure of the copers, he was eager for the fray.

When at last the *Ensign* joined her own fleet, she purposely kept as far from the coper as possible, so that having supplied the fishermen's demands for tobacco—at less than half the price charged by the coper—their customers could not get as far as the grog-ship on the same day. Equally wise was the plan of hovering near the fish-carrier each morning when that ship was visited by the boats of the fleet for taking their catch to port. It was thus made easy for the men from the various vessels to get their tobacco daily, with no excuse to go to the coper. The presence of a fully qualified doctor on the *Ensign* helped them greatly in their competition with the copers, for fishermen were often injured in the heavy work of dragging the laden nets aboard, or transferring the boxes of fish to the boat, and from the boat to the carrier. Hitherto there had been nothing for the injured man to do but to suffer for many weeks till his vessel returned to port; or, if the case were a bad one, return home in the carrier. In either case the agony was prolonged, and sometimes weeks of good fishing were lost.

The coming of Grenfell altered all that. The young doctor found the days crowded with activity, of just the sort that appealed to him most. He took his full share in the fishing. When the net had to be hauled aboard he lent a hand, and pulled his full weight with the rest. In the roughest seas, when the journey in the small boat to take the fish to the carrier was hazardous enough to try the courage of the stoutest heart, he was there. When it came to serving out tobacco, or exposing the evil work of the coper, he was more active and eloquent than any one. When the daily service was held on the *Ensign*, or on another vessel, he took his turn at the singing and the Bible reading, and in the straight, manly talk that went to the hearts of these toilers of the deep.

For three years he thus served the Mission in the North Sea with tireless activity. They were years of experiment, expansion and development. The Mission became so aggressive that the copers were driven off the sea entirely. Its trading work was recognized by Government, so that there was no further need for visiting foreign ports to get tobacco "in bond." One after another, more Mission ships were added, and medical work became an integral part of the activity on every ship flying the Mission flag.

The fruit of this work was seen in the changed lives of many of the fishermen on the Dogger, freed from the curse of the coper, and with regular opportunities provided for worship. This result was not secured without hard fighting, in which Grenfell took his full share. Among other things, the question of Sunday fishing had to be fought out. When one or two skippers were converted, little Billy Cunnington, the boldest of them, refused to lower his nets on Sunday.

"There'll be the dickens to pay when the owners hear of it," was the verdict of the other skippers, as they raked a great catch aboard, while the Christian skipper's nets remained idle, and his men attended Sunday morning worship on deck. When the owners did hear of it they could not grumble much, as the Christian skipper's tally of fish was better than the others! Encouraged by the doctor, Billy stuck to his guns. A few voyages later, however, when all the boats fared badly, the Christian skipper's catch was the worst of all, so he lost his ship, and he and his family suffered hardship for a long time. On the first opportunity, Grenfell recommended Billy for the post of skipper of a new Mission schooner then being put into commission, and as he was one of the most popular skippers on the Dogger, despite his "mania for religion," everyone rejoiced to see him back at work. In time, one after another of the skippers refused to do Sunday fishing, so before long the boon of a Christian Sunday, enjoyed by the workers ashore, was secured for the fishermen afloat.

A development of the work of the Mission in which Grenfell took a leading part, was the care of the men when ashore.

"Of what value is it," he urged, "to drive the copers off the sea, if we leave our splendid fishermen at the mercy of the land-sharks and whiskey-sellers when in port?"

The case was unanswerable, especially when he quoted chapter and verse to prove that some of his greatest friends on the Dogger—who through the work of the Mission were sober Christians and splendid fellows when afloat—became involved in drunken brawls, and were robbed of every penny they possessed, in low-class public-houses when in port. Grenfell left no stone unturned until at Yarmouth a Fishermen's Institute was opened, under the flag of the M. D. S. F. Here the fishermen were cared for in the same way as when afloat. We have seen that the doctor never believed in a narrow, flabby, one-day-a-week type of Christianity, so he was in his element in this new development of the Mission's work. With his help the Yarmouth experiment proved a great success, and it became the first of a number of institutes at fishing ports. In addition to medical advice there was a savings bank for the men's earnings, a bar where they could get food and tobacco, a room for reading or playing games, and a hall where they could worship in their own way.

As the years passed, the area of the Mission's activities was extended until fishermen in the English Channel, and off the coast of Scotland and Ireland, had a share in the beneficent work of the " Bethel-ships," as the vessels have come to be called. The mission ship is one of the most interesting vessels afloat. She is a cruising hospital, a place of worship, a tobacco shop, a clothing establishment, a free library, a club-room, an hotel, and a recreation ground. If a fisherman is sick or gets injured, he will be fetched on board and receive skilled attention until he is better; if he signals that he wants to attend service, the mission boat will call for him. He can obtain tobacco at cost price; and he is able to buy warm woollen " helmets," mufflers, stockings and mittens for a nominal sum. If he wants something to read he can have magazines and papers for the asking. If he desires companionship of the best kind, he can get it on board the " Bethel-ship."

After several years of steady work, Wilfred Grenfell saw clearly that the activities of the Mission were becoming firmly established, on well-defined lines. In other words, the pioneer work had been done, and to that extent " the fight had gone out of it." We can imagine, therefore, that a man of his temperament began to hunger for untracked fields to explore, and for new worlds to conquer.

Suddenly a door opened to just the kind of work for which he was best fitted! The more adventurous spirits of the Mission Council felt that all the seven seas were their parish. One of their number, Francis Hopwood (now Lord Southborough), during a business trip to Canada in 1891, heard a great deal about the multitude of fishermen working off the coast of Labrador. Scenting possibilities of Christian service for the Mission, he returned home by way of Newfoundland, and made a careful inquiry into the fishing industry and the men taking part in it. The result had a far-reaching effect. When he returned to London he showed his colleagues on the Mission Council that there was a vast field of work waiting to be entered and explored in the Northwest Atlantic.

Was it too big for them? Dare they attempt it? Who among their staff was equal to this opportunity? As the members of the Council silently faced these questions, one name came to all their minds. As if they had all been thinking aloud, someone spoke for them all.

" Let's send for Grenfell."

The forceful personality, restless energy, and boundless enthusiasm of their first doctor, had made him the outstanding member of their staff. They instinctively turned to him at this crisis in the Mission, for the reason given by Sir Frederick Treves:

> When the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen resolved to send an expedition to Labrador, it was evident that the man to go with it was Grenfell. He was well known, both at Oxford and in London, as a hardy athlete; he was a skilled and able surgeon; he was profoundly interested in Mission work; and the sea had for him that magical attraction which a few centuries ago emptied nearly every little cove and fishing hamlet in Cornwall and Devon of its heartiest men, and carried them over the high seas to the ends of the earth.

A message from the Council brought Grenfell post haste to London, and in due course he appeared before them. As they noted the stocky figure of their chief doctor, his square shoulders, well-set-up bearing, keen, eager look, and confident, easy smile, they felt that here was the man God had prepared for this great opportunity for Christian work afloat. At the invitation of the chairman, Francis Hopwood told the doctor what he had seen on the other side of the Atlantic, and of the reports he had collected of the Labrador fishery. No attempt was made to gloss over the difficulties, or to make light of the hardships attached to the enterprise. Everyone present knew that the project was a tough one. We quote again from Sir Frederick Treves' memories of that meeting:

> It was no little matter to bring into the hard and desperate life of the Labrador fishermen a touch of kindly and practical sympathy from the old country. It was no little matter to travel for many hundreds of miles along a grim, inhospitable coast, where buoys and beacons are unknown, and where there is scarcely a bay or an island which has not been the scene of some lonely disaster—a land of desolation, with a country hard, relentless, unsympathetic and cruel, where, among fogs and icebergs, a handful of determined men are trying to hold their own against hostile surroundings, and to earn a living in defiance of dreary odds.

All that the Council asked of Grenfell at that juncture was that he should go over to Labrador in one of their own vessels, to look into the problem of starting regular mission work on or off the coast, or both. Time was offered for thinking the matter over, but to a man of his temperament this was unnecessary. There and then he volunteered to go across and make the experiment for a season, reporting to the Council on his return. In making this offer he disclaimed any lofty motives, and all credit for heroics. He volunteered for the job simply because it attracted him enormously, and he wanted to go.

The next few weeks were spent in adapting a mission vessel, the *Albert*, for the Labrador work. Under his direction her hull was sheathed to protect her timbers against ice, and a large sail was stepped forward for running in high seas. When other alterations had been effected, the doctor felt confident that she could give a good account of herself on the other side. As he had never crossed the Atlantic, the services of Captain Tresize were secured to take the vessel over, and one sunny midsummer day the *Albert*, with bunting flying, was tugged out of Yarmouth, while from harbor and jetty friends and well-wishers waved, shouted, and sirened a cordial farewell.

IV

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

WHEN Sir Richard Grenville sailed from the English shores in his little *Revenge*, and crossed the Atlantic to trounce the Spaniard, his crew were men of Devon and Cornwall. Three hundred years later, when Wilfred Grenfell sailed for the New World in the *Albert*, his skipper was a Cornishman of the right type, and the voyage was completed in nineteen days—quite a good record for a little ketch-rigged vessel. They followed the course taken by Cabot in his caravel, the *Matthew*, four hundred years before, and made a landfall directly opposite St. John's Harbor, in Newfoundland.

> Here a scene of the wildest confusion greeted us [wrote Grenfell afterwards]. The prosperous city we expected to see had been almost blotted out by fire. Amid the ruins of churches, public buildings, and private dwellings, smoke and flames still rose in all parts of the city, exultant and unsubdued, looking at night-time like glutted vultures over their helpless prey. Warehouses, wharves, and even vessels at anchor had shared the same fate, so that landing at all was a difficult matter at first. From the harbor the first appearance suggested the ruins of Pompeii, for the wooden houses of 12,000 people had gone up in smoke, leaving only rows of blackened and scorched pillars rising from the charred débris.

Forest fires continued to rage in every direction for days and several weeks, till the greater part of the peninsula of Avalon was treeless, many country homesteads sharing the same fate as the city. Such a calamity stopped all ordinary business, so that it was some time before Grenfell could leave the port on the next stage of his journey. He learned that the great fishing fleet of one hundred schooners—overcrowded with fishermen, women and children—had already sailed from Newfoundland for summer work along the coast of Labrador. With all possible speed he got together all the supplies he could obtain, and early in August set sail for another voyage of four hundred miles, in pursuit of the Labradormen, as these fishermen were called.

Grenfell and his companions did not have to wait long before getting their first taste of bad weather. During the whole of the first four days a dense fog enveloped them, and all the *Albert* could do was to feel her way blindly along, to the tune of her own fog-horn. Then the fog lifted, to show them that they were passing Cape Bauld, the northeast corner of Newfoundland. After a few minutes the blanket descended again, and they had to feel their way across the Straits of Belle Isle, that separate Newfoundland from Labrador.

Labrador, ~~you will remember~~, forms the northeasterly corner of Canada above the estuary of the St. Lawrence. It is such a desolate and ice-ridden land that on one of its early maps an old-time cartographer wrote: "Labrador was discovered by the English; there is nothing in it of any value."

Its length is eleven hundred miles, its greatest breadth seven hundred. The terrible coastline from Blanc Sablon in the south (eighty-five miles above the Straits of Belle Isle), to Cape Chidley in the north (at the entrance to Hudson Bay Strait) is under the Government of Newfoundland, while the interior is part of the Province of Quebec, Canada. The land is so sterile and forbidding, and its coast so scourged by storms, enshrouded in fogs, and swept by icebergs, that an old navigator said: " God made this country last. He had no other end in view than to throw together here the refuse of His materials, as of no use to mankind."

The interior of Labrador consists of a vast plateau, rocky and sterile, strewn with great boulders, with forests of stunted spruce, birch and aspens in the hollows. Its animal life includes some valuable fur animals—the fox, otter, beaver, mink, marten and lynx, with a few bears, caribou and deer. The most remarkable feature of its terrible coast is the prodigious quantity of cod that at certain seasons abound in its waters.

Such a country can only support a sparse population, of three distinct classes. First there are the Livyeres (so named from their own claim to " live 'ere ")—these are Scottish and other white settlers along the coast, numbering about five thousand, who maintain a miserable existence by catching fish by hook and line in summer, and trapping fur animals in winter. Secondly, there are the Eskimo, living in scattered villages in the north, and existing poorly on whale and seal fishing. Thirdly, a few Indians living inland, chiefly of the Nascawpee and Cree tribes. In addition to these permanent inhabitants, there are the summer residents, called Labradormen—Newfoundland fishermen who swarm up the coast in June for the fishing season, which lasts till October. Their families come with them, and live on their small schooners, or in huts built on the shore.

Grenfell had heard so much of that terrible Labrador coast, that when the fog suddenly lifted, and he caught his first glimpse of it, he was amazed at the beauty of the sight.

> Not a cloud in the sky, not a ripple on the dark blue water [he wrote]. Innumerable rocky islands and lofty headlands were visible away on the port bow—some showing a bright yellow from the mosses and lichens on them. Around us we could count thirty magnificent icebergs—chips from the eternal Arctic ice. A school of whales were sporting under our lee, every now and again throwing jets of glistening water high into the air. The scene to our eager eyes was one indeed of surpassing interest and beauty.

This inhospitable coast being uncharted, there was no lightship, buoy or landmark to indicate where they were, but their pilot boldly pronounced the spot as Round Hill Island. Then he led them through a precipitous rocky entrance, half-enclosed by ice, and brought them to anchor in a long, narrow creek. Through his glasses, Grenfell could see in the distance some rude fishing stages and mud huts. Five minutes later, several fishermen's boats were alongside, and he was hailed with eager inquiries:

"What vessel is this?"

"Where are you bound?"

"Who are you?"

"What are you after?"

Calling the men up on deck, and greeting them cordially, Grenfell explained their errand to these Labradormen. They were rough, simple folk, and could not make much of "The Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen," but they understood fast enough when he said that he was a doctor, and was ready to help any of their sick. A few minutes later he found himself being rowed swiftly ashore to see a fisherman who had been "bad all summer."

> Soon I was sitting in a tiny, dark mud hut [says the doctor], with neither glass in the hole that served for light and air, nor a chimney to carry up the smoke from the fire on the floor, through the large hole in the roof intended for its escape. A groaning man sat doubled up on a rude bench in a dark corner of the room, while his wife endeavored to restrain the superabundant energy of a crowd of children.
>
> "Been ill long?" I asked, after the usual greetings had been exchanged.
>
> "About three weeks. Wish I could get home. There's no chance for a sick man up here."
>
> Evidently he did not yet grasp the idea of our hospital ship. "Well, we'll see what can be done," I said. When the case was inquired into, I found to my joy that it was one for which relief could, by care, be obtained. After some further talk, in which one or two fishermen who had entered during the examination joined, we had a few words of prayer for God's blessing in the means used, and left for the ship, leaving behind us, for the *Albert's* first evening in Labrador, at least one poor heart grateful—and thoughtful. A hearty service aboard, and many minor cases of sickness closed the day.

During the whole of that summer the mission hospital ship *Albert* threaded its way through the creeks and around the rocky islands that make the Labrador coastline one of the wildest and most dangerous for sailors in all the world. As they went from bay to bay, they had to be constantly on the alert to avoid running on rocks or grounding on sandbanks. Sometimes they had to stand well out to sea, because under the shadow of towering and jagged-edged cliffs there would be no wind to carry them along.

In every fresh bay they visited, the large blue flag at the mast-head proved a sufficient call to prayer and to the work of healing. No sooner had they dropped anchor than the fisherfolk crowded aboard, anxious to know who they were and why they had come. No advertising stunts were needed to get the people together for a simple service. On such a coast, where life is so grim and uncertain, and opportunities for praise and prayer are all but non-existent, men, women and children were ready for the ministry of the Word. To a simple and manly appeal to become followers of Christ many people made a hearty response, when once they had thought the thing through. STOP

> Often I have watched men tremble and hesitate, time after time, when God's Spirit seemed striving with them, before the final step is taken [declared Grenfell]. For they count well the cost beforehand, and realize fully the weakness of their own natures. But once " over the line " means following Christ to them—means coming out, being separate, marked men. The world sets for them no higher standard than they set for themselves, and their self-sacrificing fidelity to their ideal has stirred the heart of more than one Christian worker. There is little half-and-

half following, little "coasting" for fear of "launching out," such as saps today the joy and rejoicing of thousands of professed Christians.

In some places the *Albert* could not get near to the homes and haunts of the fishermen, either because the creeks were too narrow, or because the channels between the razor-edged rocks were so tortuous, that to attempt a passage would be courting disaster. For such an emergency Grenfell had brought with him a small whale-boat, the *Alfred*, which had been rigged with two small sails. Leaving the *Albert* in charge of Captain Tresize, Grenfell went on dangerous journeys of exploration up creeks and tickles (long, narrow strips of water opening out into a harbor), threading his way between innumerable small islands, bent on his mission to "preach the Word" and "heal the sick."

Often they had perilous moments on such journeys. Once the boat was capsized altogether. On another occasion they lost their way in a dense fog, and the *Alfred* was nearly smashed to matchwood under some towering cliffs lashed by Atlantic breakers. One night they had to abandon the boat entirely, and walk back over the hills to where the *Albert* was riding at anchor. On one such adventure they found two or three couples who had been waiting for several years to get properly married. In one case the couple insisted on going there and then to the ship, as there was a visiting minister on board. It was late at night before they reached the *Albert*, and on the ground that any hour was better than none, it was agreed that "pronouncing the banns" might be dispensed with in that lonely harbor, especially as there were already three children. So the wedding was performed in the tiny cabin, with the skipper as best man, and Grenfell as witness, while the steward and crew were busy preparing a wedding breakfast of hard biscuits and tea.

On that first summer's trip the doctor reached as far north as Hopedale, where the Moravian Missions have a station for work among the Eskimo. Some of the harbors they entered had Eskimo names that were long and unpronouncable, such as Nukasaasuktok. Some of the harbors had French names—which had become unrecognizable; thus Cap D'Espoir had become Cape Despair. Even the English names were unusual, and descriptive of some forgotten incident—Run-by-Guess and Seldom-come-by Harbors, Ice Tickle, Cutthroat Island, Split-Knife Harbor, Bakeapple Bight, and Tumbledown Dick Island.

At last they turned southwards, for the summer was ending. As on the journey up, in going back they put into harbors to preach and heal, and the doctor's cases included many and varied ailments of the eye, lungs, skin and teeth.

In November the *Albert* entered St. John's Harbor once more, after having spent seventy-eight days on the coast. She had visited many harbors, treated nine hundred patients, distributed quantities of clothing and literature, and collected much valuable information. Daily services had been held, at which thousands in all had been present, and not a few had confessed openly their intentions, by God's help, to live new lives.

Stories of the beneficent activity of the *Albert* and

Alfred had preceded them, so that their return caused what the newspapers call "a sensation." Realizing that publicity of this sort was good for his future plans, the doctor arranged to present a public report of their work. The Governor of Newfoundland invited the leading business men to meet him at Government House, and the enthusiastic Grenfell was able to present such a report of things accomplished that a resolution was unanimously passed, thanking the Deep Sea Mission for sending out the *Albert* to the Labrador coast, expressing the hope that the work would be continued, and promising the support of all classes of the community. Nor was the matter allowed to rest at passing a resolution. A committee was appointed to make preparations for the next season's work, and one merchant, Mr. Baine Grieve, there and then presented the Mission with a large house at Battle Harbor, to be used as the first hospital on the Labrador coast. Then, with the solid satisfaction that comes from having done things worth doing, Grenfell and his men started for home. The gallant little *Albert* crossed the Atlantic in twelve and a half days from port to port, sailing into Yarmouth Harbor on the first day of December, 1892.

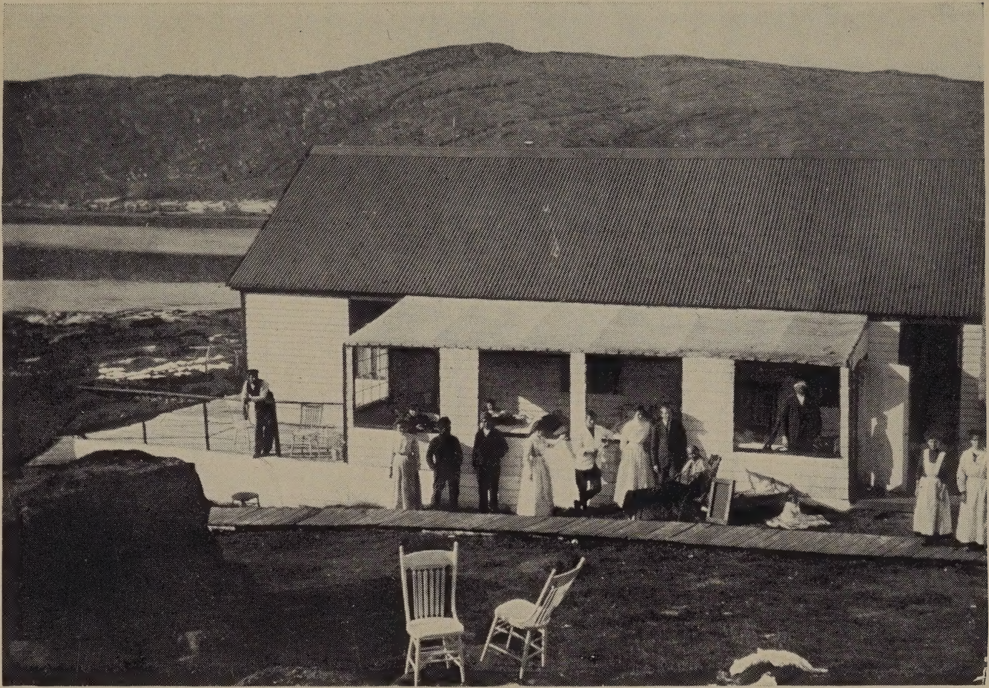
V

BACK IN LABRADOR

ARMED with pledges of help from Newfoundland, Grenfell had no difficulty in persuading the Mission Council in London that the work in Labrador must go forward. Accordingly, he made extensive preparations for a bigger piece of work for Christ there, than had been possible during the first experimental season.

Nor were the enthusiasts in Newfoundland behindhand. As if bent on making it impossible for the Mission Council in London to turn the American work down, a resolution was received in February from the Committee in Newfoundland, promising definitely to undertake to provide two buildings suitable for hospitals on the Labrador coast, and pledging themselves to coöperate heartily in any other direction that could be suggested. We can imagine the joy with which Grenfell submitted this resolution to the Council, and sent back their reply, to the effect that they were sending out a second expedition, and would undertake the working of the two hospitals.

The early months of 1893 were therefore crowded with activity for the doctor and his helpers. In addition to fitting out the *Albert*, directions were sent across for transforming the house given by Mr. Baine



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MISSION ROOM AND FRESH AIR SHACK AT INDIAN HARBOR, 1912
This shows one of the earlier phases of the mission work.

A Life on the Labrador

Grieve at Battle Harbor into a hospital. Plans were also sent to St. John's for the construction of a wooden hospital in sections, for shipment to and erection at Indian Harbor, farther north on the coast. The doctor also strove mightily, with the help of Captain Tresize, to obtain money for the purchase of a steam launch to accompany the *Albert*, to tow that vessel in and out of narrow harbors, where overhanging cliffs made her sails useless, and to visit places that would otherwise be inaccessible.

Few things can daunt a man of real push and go. Although the *Albert* sailed from Yarmouth without the steam launch (because the money had not come in), when Grenfell joined her at Queenstown, Ireland, he reported that the money had been forthcoming, and he had bought a suitable steam launch at Chester, and had shipped it by steamer direct to St. John's. Therefore, when the *Albert* ploughed her way across the Atlantic, doing the journey from Fastnet Rock to St. John's in seventeen days, the doctor was in high fettle. So well had the Council in London taken up this new enterprise that the staff for the two hospitals was already outward bound. Doctors Arthur Bobardt and Eliot Curwen were going to take charge of the two hospitals he hoped to open that summer on the coast. Furthermore, on the steamer that was bringing out the steam launch were two lady workers, Sisters Ada Carwardine and Cecilia Williams, to serve as matron-nurses.

On reaching St. John's, Grenfell found that the Newfoundland committeé had not been idle; fifteen hundred dollars had been collected for the work, and a small committee appointed to look after each hospital. His attention was next claimed by the arrival of the Allan steamer, bringing his lady workers and the steam launch. The latter had to be overhauled and prepared for the summer's work. At the same time he had to superintend the dispatch of the sections of the second hospital by coastal steamer to Indian Harbor. Pending its arrival and opening, Dr. Curwen and Sister Williams were to stay on the *Albert*, doing medical work along the coast. This would enable Grenfell to work independently of the *Albert* on the steam launch, which had been christened the *Princess May*.

The *Albert* got away on July the 6th, beating the [illegible] launch by a day.

When the *Princess May* chuffed its way out of St. John's Harbor, the doctor confesses that he was a bit anxious as to how the launch would behave, for he had not been able to give her a trial. The narrowness of her beam made a severe roll almost inevitable, when exposed to the full force of the Atlantic, and as she was six years old, Grenfell knew he must be ready for anything. His expectations were fulfilled, for they had hardly been afloat an hour when the engineer sang out:

"Sprung a leak, sir. Shall we put back?"

But the doctor was not to be daunted so easily. He found that a strong wooden plug, well driven home, would stop the leak, so on they went. Then he tried to keep close to land, but was forced by the dangerous nature of the cliffs to stand out half a mile to sea, with the result that a dense fog shut out everything from view. A zig-zag course was kept, so as still to keep near land, but before long they suddenly found themselves under a high perpendicular cliff, and heading straight for it. Their compass was incorrect! Making their course as best they could, they eventually reached Catalina Harbor, where they coaled ship before turning in. Next day the wind veered round and brought a chilly, drizzling rain, and a nasty lop of the sea, that sent some of the loose deck-gear overboard.

Many were the subsequent adventures of the little *Princess May* as she tried to cross the Straits of Belle Isle, but eventually they sighted the flagstaff on Battle Island, and moored alongside the *Albert* in safety. Grenfell found his colleagues making frantic efforts to get the hospital ready for occupation. After giving such help as was possible, the two mission boats departed. The *Albert* went north, taking Dr. Curwen and Sister Williams to start the work at Indian Harbor Hospital. Dr. Bobardt and Sister Carwardine remained at Battle, to begin hospital operations there, while Grenfell ran west along the Straits of Belle Isle in the *Princess May.*

In the Straits of Belle Isle we visited all the stations to Old Ford Island, about a hundred miles from the entrance [says Grenfell's log]. At L'Anse au Loup, Blanc Sablon (the boundary between Canada and Newfoundland), and at Bonne Esperance, we found large stations for fishing, with numbers of men hard at work at the caplin school. We had quite a number of surgical and medical cases, including two of true (sailor's) scurvy from want of proper food. At one place we were called to operate on the back of a French settler, at another on the arm of a poor Newfoundland schoonerman. In this last case I had the assistance of a Roman Catholic priest who was journeying along the coast.

Wherever they went, Grenfell found a great demand for both the healing of the sick, and the preaching of the Word. Among these Labradormen, working hard at the fishing to make the most of the short season, he found some fine examples of Christian character and endurance. Staying in one harbor over the Sunday, he was the guest of a fisherman rather better off than the majority, and the backbone of the religious life of the place. Bad seasons had left their mark on him, but he was still the owner of his own cod-trap (valued at about eighty pounds), by the help of which he hoped to clear the season free of debt. That Sunday morning, however, a large iceberg came drifting along the bay, making towards the cod-trap, and thus threatening to take away his sole means of livelihood. At first he decided that he must go and spend the day trying to save his net. Grenfell said nothing, but was not altogether surprised when the man came back again later and said:

"I have decided not to go, doctor. There are plenty of men in this harbor who only want an excuse for working on the Lord's day, and I am not going to be the one to give it them."

The man spent the day in religious worship and work, apparently heedless of the fact that the iceberg was engaged in robbing him of the one possession that stood between him and starvation. Almost immediately after midnight he was off in his boat, in the hope of getting possession of the wreck of his cod-trap. At breakfast time he was back again, his face radiant.

"I knew it would be all right, doctor," he exclaimed. "The worst of the ice passed outside it. A few hours' work, and we shall get it all right again."

The *Princess May* made for Battle Harbor at the end of July, and had several narrow escapes of disaster. Once, in a thick fog, they ran aground on a flat-topped rock, with perpendicular cliffs only a few yards ahead. On another occasion the propeller refused to revolve, and they had to depend on their sail, until the engineer of a sealing steamer fitted them out with a new set of steel screws for their piston top—a providential meeting with a Good Samaritan that saved them a journey under sail to St. John's.

At Battle, Grenfell found that finishing touches to the hospital were still needed, and as the mail steamer was due and would certainly bring patients, all hands were mobilized on the work. The result was that the first patient was comfortably installed the following evening, while the sister spent her first night in hospital in an armchair. The pioneer hospital on the coast of Labrador had started its operations!

The restless doctor was off again in the *Princess May* two days later with his colleagues, this time bound north, with Indian Harbor as their objective.

Wherever they went there were calls to go ashore and heal the sick, sometimes under very strange conditions. One dark night, unable to find their way farther, they dropped anchor beside some islands.

Presently the doctor heard a boat bumping against the side of the launch, and a soft, stealthy tread over the roof of their cabin. Then came a bustling at the hatchway door, and the broad face of a half-breed Eskimo peered into the cabin. Grenfell was by this time prepared for anything, so he was not surprised when the Eskimo said that he had a sick daughter in his hut on the island, which was never visited by any doctor. Hearing that the *Princess May* was coming along the coast, and seeing the boat's cabin lights, the man had come for medical help.

Soon afterwards, swathed in oilskins, the doctor was sitting in the stern of the Eskimo's boat, and was being swiftly rowed away into the darkness of a thick drizzly fog. On landing, he stumbled behind his guide for a quarter of a mile over broken rock, and then reached a small cottage, overcrowded with people. He found not one person seriously ill, but two. He had to operate there and then on a woman who was too ill to be moved to hospital, and he never expected she would recover. Not until months afterwards did he learn that this strange adventure on that foggy night had saved the woman's life.

Early in August the *Princess May* ran into Indian Harbor, and made fast alongside the *Albert* once more. Here a bitter disappointment awaited the doctor and his colleagues.

"Labrador weather again," said Grenfell grimly, when he found that wind and storm for four solid weeks had prevented the landing of the sections of the new hospital, with the result that all prospect of getting the work started that season had now vanished. The shell of the building was finished, however, except for cutting the chimneys; the windows were then boarded up, and the place left in the care of the nearest Livyere. It was decided that for the rest of the short summer the *Albert* should remain in that vicinity, to do as much of the work of the hospital as possible. They knew there would be no lack of this, since the harbor was the center of a very large number of fishing stations. Before Grenfell left in the *Princess May*, Dr. Curwen and Sister Williams were called away to the other side of the island to treat a woman on whom a fish stage had fallen, while in their ward on the *Albert* they already had one girl patient, dying of consumption.

> The condition of some of our patients when first admitted was horrible [reported the doctor], especially the women from the fishing schooners; for with scarcely any privacy, or any opportunities for washing, it was not to be wondered at that vermin often abounded. The experience of both our nurses tallied in this respect, and a good wash, clean clothes, and a few days' nursing always appeared to work marvels, even in apparently hopeless cases.

Steaming northward in the *Princess May*, Grenfell worked his way along the coast, having arranged to meet the *Albert* at Hopedale later. At Cape Harrison they had the rare experience of running into a heat wave, the sun being so fierce that the very paint on their hull began to blister. The opportunity for open-air services in such ideal conditions was not to be missed, and at this spot they had the biggest and most inspiring meetings for worship and testimony the doctor had ever remembered.

When the two mission ships again met they received a royal welcome from the Moravian missionary in charge, Hopedale being the first station of the Moravians, whose work extended as far north as Cape Chidley. Here there was plenty to be done among the Eskimo, the queer little people who dwell along the coast under conditions that seem impossible to the ordinary individual. Leaving the *Albert* to serve the district around Hopedale, Grenfell steamed farther north, taking one of the Moravian missionaries with him. This was pioneering indeed—the real thing, with perils sufficient for each day's needs. The coast being entirely uncharted, and broken into innumerable islands, channels and labyrinths, they had to feel their way along, more than once having to turn back, after having steamed some distance up what turned out to be a blind channel. Calling at Moravian mission stations and Eskimo villages, doctoring and preaching everywhere, the *Princess May* got as far as Okkak. Signs of the approach of winter in that sub-Arctic spot warned them that to go farther north, or even to delay their return south, would be inviting disaster, so with full steam ahead they raced back to Hopedale, arriving there early in September.

Then followed a great week-end for the Mission. The threat of the coming winter had rounded up the fishing schooners which had ventured so far north, and on the Sunday the doctor counted a hundred vessels crowded into the harbor before their journey south began. The large chapel of the Moravians, which would hold four hundred people, proved too small for the congregation that flocked to Grenfell's services that day, so Captain Tresize held an overflow service on the *Albert*.

Two accidents to the mission boats now caused the doctor great anxiety, for under the most favorable circumstances he knew they would have a race with winter to get safely to St. John's before the ice closed up the sea road. One night, in a narrow passage near Hopedale, the *Princess May* was suddenly caught by the current and driven at full speed on a rock. They got her afloat successfully next morning, but had to run her aground in Hopedale Harbor at low tide to overhaul the keel. Fortunately, the hull was as sound as a drum, but there were some nasty dents in it, part of the keel had been torn away, and the copper sheathing had been stripped off in several places; the propeller shaft was also badly bent. They repaired the damage as best they could, but as it was impossible to straighten the shaft, they had to chance leaving it as it was.

The *Albert* also had been bumped heavily on the rocks, and her keel damaged, but they had to take the risk that she would get back to St. John's in safety.

Each vessel encountered some very rough weather on the voyage south, making it both difficult and dangerous to get round the great capes, and further delaying them at a time when every day brought the danger of ice nearer. Grenfell reached Battle Harbor on October 19th in the *Princess May*, the *Albert* having raced them by a couple of days. He found that Dr. Bobardt and the two Sisters had been kept busy, the hospital had been full all the time, and thirty-nine in-patients had been treated. Both vessels had to press on their course in the teeth of bad weather. The *Albert* lost her boom and some of her canvas, while the *Princess May* was so much delayed that rumors reached as far as England that she was lost with all hands. Eventually she reached St. John's Harbor early in November, and Grenfell, smiling and debonair as ever, assured his friends that the report that the launch had been lost with all hands was, like Mark Twain's death, "slightly exaggerated."

VI

UNDER THE BLUE FLAG

AT the end of his second season's work, Grenfell sent the *Albert* home to England without him, for, at the moment, he had other plans in mind. His year's work had again proved successful to the point of embarrassment. The opportunities opening up for service in Labrador were so many and varied that something desperate would have to be done to finance it. To return to England there and then, and press the Mission Council for big developments would invite the retort, "Where is the money to come from?" Further, it seemed eminently reasonable that the Christian public in North America should shoulder the chief responsibility for such work off their own shores. The magnificent start already made at St. John's was proof that, once aroused to the need, that public would do its part.

The *Princess May* was accordingly docked in St. John's for the winter, and Grenfell and Bobardt crossed into Canada to make a bold bid for sympathy and support. Nor were they disappointed. At Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto, committees were formed and gave active help straight away. In the first stage of this campaign, Dr. Bobardt acted as leader, and sometimes took Grenfell's breath away by his "cheek." He insisted on aiming high, so began his attack on a city by calling on the most important people in it. At Montreal they had the temerity to call on Sir Donald Smith, at that time Governor of the Hudson Bay Company (afterwards Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner for Canada). They were being led aright in this, for as a poor emigrant years before, Sir Donald Smith had faced the hardships and terrors of the Labrador coast for thirteen years. It was natural that Grenfell's work should make a strong appeal to a man of such high Christian character, and until the day of his death (twenty years later) Lord Strathcona proved himself one of the mission's warmest supporters, as will be seen anon.

Grenfell reached England in the following March (1894) and spent a brief period visiting his fishermen friends on the North Sea. By midsummer he had completed all his preparations for a return to what was now his life-work. This time he was to be without the help of Dr. Bobardt, who was entering the Royal Navy, or of Dr. Curwen, who had sailed for China for the London Missionary Society. Their places were taken by Drs. F. W. Willway and J. H. Bennett, who, with the two Sisters, sailed direct for Labrador in the *Albert*. Grenfell and an engineer colleague—W. B. Wakefield—traveled to St. John's, in order to fit out and dispatch the *Princess May* to join the *Albert*. When this was done, they crossed to Montreal to fetch the *Sir Donald*, a steamer presented by Sir Donald Smith for their work. When Grenfell saw the graceful lines and the trim finish of this first mission steamer, he was as eager as a schoolboy to get to work. Hastily completing their preparations, they started to join the *Albert* at Battle Harbor, working their way along the north bank of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

> Everywhere we had plenty of work to do [he reported], seeing sick people, operating where necessary, holding services and distributing literature. We everywhere found people deeply grateful for our visit, and glad to gather to hear the Gospel. Many spoke eagerly of the hopes raised that a third hospital would be erected in the Labrador or lower province of Quebec, to which the sick could be carried, and were anxious to forward a petition to Ottawa to that effect.

When the *Sir Donald* neared Battle Harbor, Grenfell and Wakefield prepared for a triumphal entry that would be a fitting meeting between the old mission sailing vessel and their new steamer. The deck was made scrupulously clean, the brasswork polished till it shone like a mirror, flags were unfurled, and the *Sir Donald* steamed proudly along. But pride comes before a fall! Just as Grenfell, agog with excitement, was expecting to see the *Albert* when they had passed the next headland, the steamer suddenly struck a submerged rock. In a few minutes she was in danger of capsizing and sinking in deep water. S.O.S. signals were made to two passing schooners, the boats were lowered in readiness for any emergency, and anchors were run out in the hope of keeping the steamer from being thrown on the rocks and becoming a total wreck. After a time the heavy tide swung the *Sir Donald* clear, and she floated safely into deep water. All hope of joining the *Albert* in triumph had now disappeared.

"She had almost better have remained a complete wreck," said Grenfell afterwards, "for her keel and stem were broken, her rudder twisted, her propeller gone, her engines broken, and her side bulged in."

Leaving her where she rode at anchor, Grenfell and Wakefield ruefully set out in a small boat to cross to Battle Island. After landing, they tramped for several miles through bogs and over hills, until they found a fisherman to take them out to the *Albert* in the harbor. Thus it turned out that instead of seeing the new steamer enter the harbor resplendent, with Grenfell and Wakefield on deck swelling with pride, the mission workers on the *Albert* saw two forlorn-looking waifs from the sea brought alongside in a fishing boat, "with their tails between their legs." After explanations, boats were put off to the rescue of the *Sir Donald,* but as nothing could be done to repair her in Labrador, Captain Tresize undertook the risky and tedious task of towing the steamer back to dry dock at St. John's.

Nor was this the only piece of misfortune that befell them at the beginning of this third season's work. Dr. Willway reported that the *Albert* had been up to Indian Harbor, and had rapidly placed the new hospital there in working order. Unfortunately, however, the building had almost come to an inglorious and premature end by being burned down during the first week of its existence. It might have been totally destroyed, but for prompt action taken to save it. The commanding officer of H.M.S. *Cleopatra,* which was in the vicinity, also landed his artificers, who materially assisted in the rebuilding made necessary by the fire.

For the rest of the summer's cruising, Grenfell traveled on the *Urelia McKinnon,* a little sailing boat that had been given to the Mission by Dr. Roddick, of Montreal. She was too small to carry provisions for much journeying, so the doctor had to live from hand to mouth, depending on the hospitality of the fishermen, the Livyeres, and even the Eskimo, for his bodily wants and creature comforts. Nor did he look in vain. He had always maintained that Labrador folk are large-hearted and generous people, and during that journey in the little sailing boat he proved it. Never was he in want, and people who had little more than a crust to eat shared it with him gladly. The fellowship engendered by thus taking pot-luck with the people he was trying to serve proved a very great help in understanding them.

Returning to Battle Harbor, he found that Dr. Bennett was anxious to proceed to China to take up an appointment under the London Missionary Society, so he took over the work of the hospital for the rest of the summer.

The approach of winter made it inevitable for the hospital to close its doors, until the return of summer brought the mission workers back again from England. This had always been a disquieting problem to Grenfell and his colleagues. It is true that their departure synchronized with the home-going of the great Newfoundland fleet of fishing schooners. Yet it meant that the spiritual and medical work among the Livyeres and the Eskimo came to an abrupt termination just when conditions of life were beginning to be desperately hard for them. The Livyeres on Battle Island now pleaded for a doctor to spend the winter with them. Grenfell talked it over with his colleagues, who did not think it could be done; but Dr. Willway nobly volunteered to make the experiment. Leaving him all the stores they could spare, Grenfell and the Sisters sailed for Newfoundland with some misgiving, leaving Dr. Willway to hold the fort alone through the long sub-Arctic winter.

The next few months were busier than ever for our doctor, for he now had two bases from which to prepare for the next summer's offensive. The first few months of 1895 were spent in Newfoundland and Canada, where the activities of local committees, and the deepening interest of Sir Donald Smith, promised well for new developments. Then followed a short visit to England, a brief voyage round the North Sea fleet " to shake hands with old faces," as the Irishman said, and then back again to North America.

When Grenfell steamed north that summer in the *Sir Donald*, he was speculating as to two things. He wondered as to the condition in which he would find his gallant comrade, who had been facing the rigors of the Labrador winter those many months. He was wondering, too, how the *Sir Donald* would behave, after her brief and inglorious beginning of the preceding year. As the little steamer picked her way daintily through the fast disappearing masses of ice, and approached Battle Island, he anxiously scanned the harbor through his glasses for some sign of Dr. Willway.

Apparently he expected to see a figure resembling Robinson Crusoe, with long beard and unkempt hair—the penalty of being cut off from civilization for so long. When, later on, the trim and tanned figure of Dr. Willway was seen leaping over the rail and, looking "as fit as a fiddle," he grasped Grenfell's hand, the latter realized that his concern had been wasted.

That fourth summer the *Sir Donald* gave a very good account of herself. She took the doctor farther north than he had ever been before, doctoring and preaching to the boundary of the Labrador coast proper, Cape Chidley. In this deserted spot people who were terribly ill, and had no hope of ever being treated by a doctor, suddenly found themselves helped aboard by kindly hands, and taken into a clean and bright hospital ward. There they were operated on, nursed back to health, and finally restored to families who had never expected them to recover.

While cruising near the Cape a schooner signaling with flag at half-mast attracted the attention of the lookout man on the *Sir Donald*. At once the hospital ship steamed towards it, and when the doctor went on board he found a fisherman in great pain, with one eye badly injured by a gun accident, and in danger of becoming blind in both eyes. The man was taken into hospital, the damaged eye removed, and the sight of the other one saved. He was very grateful to the doctor, but rather anxious as to what his bride would think of him with only one eye—for he was going to get married at the end of the voyage. As the doctor was chaffing the young fisherman about this, he suddenly remembered that they had some glass eyes in stock at Battle Harbor Hospital. He therefore told him to call there on his way back, and take his chance of getting a blue one to match!

The sequel must be related here. Grenfell forgot all about the incident amid the pressure of other work. In the autumn, when at Battle Harbor, he was stopped by a young man who said:

"I want you to look at my eye, doctor; there is something wrong with it."

Always ready to help, the doctor said: "Come to the hospital, and I will examine it for you."

To his surprise, the man roared with laughter. "Why, doctor, it's a glass one! Don't you remember? I'm the boy whose eye you removed, and you sent me here for a glass one. Do you think she will like it?"

In his cruise to the far north Grenfell reports that he found the people not only very poor, but most primitive in their outlook, customs, and beliefs.

> Having no doctors of their own, they display no small ingenuity in devising remedies from the few resources they possess [he wrote]. Naturally, certain persons are looked upon as specially gifted. The claims of wise women vie with those of seventh sons, but no reasonable person would dispute the priority of the seventh son of a seventh son. "Why, bless yer, worms'll perish in their open hands." Once, in stripping a fisherman to examine his chest, I perceived that he had a string, as of a scapular, around his neck. Knowing that he was not a Catholic, I asked him the meaning of it. "Sure, 'tis a toothache-string, sir," he replied. "I never had the toothache sunce I worn un." So another, who on one occasion I found to be wearing a green

ribbon round his left wrist, told me, "'Tis against the bleedin', sir, if ever I be took."

On one occasion the burly skipper of a fishing crew boarded the Mission ship, his head swathed in red flannel, his cheek blistered with liniment, and his face puffed out like a blue-bag.

"Toothache, Skipper Joe?" I said. "You'll soon be all right," and I pulled down a snaky instrument from the row in the chart-house.

"No, no, doctor; I wants un charmed."

"But, you know, I don't charm people, skipper. Nonsense, I tell you! Get out of the deck-house!"

But he only stood vociferating on the deck. "No, no, doctor; 'tis only charming 'er wants."

Time is precious when steam is in the boiler, so I merely replied, "Sit on that coaming, and open your mouth."

He waited to see that I had dropped the forceps, and then followed my directions. Waving my hands over his head, I touched the offending molar. His mind seemed greatly relieved and he at once proffered twenty-five cents for the benefit of the Mission. Three months later, on my way south, I saw this man again. Beaming with smiles, he said: "Ne'er an ache nor a pain in 'er since you charmed 'er, doctor." While he was showing me the molar, still in its place, to confirm his theory, I was wondering what faith-healing really meant.

VII

GOING INTO BUSINESS

WE have already had abundant proof that Dr. Grenfell is no believer in a narrow, pietistic, or "other-worldly" type of Christianity. As a young doctor he taught London hobbledehoys to box and swim as part of their Christian education. Later he helped to sell tobacco to fishermen in order to drive the copers off the North Sea. Under his direction the mission ship became a center for recreation as well as worship.

We are not surprised, therefore, to find that during his fifth season in America, he started a business enterprise as part of his mission work. From the very first he had seen the day coming when an attack would have to be made on the truck system, in the name of the Master he served. The summer of 1896 saw this grand attack successfully launched.

The reason for this will be clear when we understand the effect on the Newfoundland fishing industry of the working of the truck system, which nearly ruined that colony in December, 1894. The fact is that in those days money was little used, and cod was the coin of the realm. Both the merchants who dispatched the schooners to the Labrador, and the men who caught the fish and brought them to Newfoundland, paid for everything in cod, not cash. During the passing of the years this had resulted in the fishermen getting hopelessly into debt with the merchants, who in their turn had to work on bankers' advances, repaid by the season's catch of cod. When, as sometimes happened, a bad fishing season upset everyone's calculations, both the banks and all concerned in the industry were plunged into financial difficulties.

> This system [the doctor reported] is an evil heirloom, dragging down both merchant and fisherman. Tomorrow's labor is ever mortgaged ahead for food today. At last a time comes when any hope of return from certain men can no longer be expected. The advances are suddenly cut off, and these men, deprived of their usual source of supply, fall back on government relief, till today nearly one-half of the revenue of the country is spent in pauper relief. The recipients are frequently able-bodied men, and yet they have no shame in accepting it, looking on the Government as an independent source of wealth, and calling their annual six to twenty-four dollars " a government appointment."

The case of the Livyere was far worse. He and his family depended for their winter's food on the stores paid out to them in exchange for their catch by the "planter," or agent of the Newfoundland merchant.

In his *Vikings of Today,* Grenfell gives the tragic story of one starving settler who, enmeshed in debt, tramped many miles over the ice, hoping to barter his jack-plane and fishing net for food. Being unsuccessful, he sent his wife and two older children in different directions to search for food, then killed his three youngest children and shot himself.

This, of course, was an extreme case [declares Grenfell]. In order to arrive at a fair conclusion we took, as far as possible, a census of the Livyeres—noting the numbers and ages of children—the proportion that could read and write—and the stocks each had of molasses, flour, pork, tea, and tobacco. That a very large proportion had a quite insufficient quantity of food became beyond question. It must be remembered it is not a question of how much they can buy, but how much a supplier is willing to give to people already heavily indebted to him, only a few being independent enough to pay down for what they take. Government aid, sea birds, seals, trout, willow grouse, and Arctic hares are the supplemental sources available. The Newfoundlanders are too often only little better off than Labradormen, and I have many piteous accounts of parents suffering from chronic starvation in order to supply their little ones with the necessities of life.

Then ~~At last~~ a crash came that brought Newfoundland to the verge of bankruptcy. The only two banks of the colony failed. Ten out of twelve merchants' firms had to suspend payment, while the mass of the population were faced with absolute ruin. This was the direct effect of a bad fishing season, under the iniquitous working of the truck system. The disaster bore some good fruit, however, for Canadian banks came to the rescue, and the reorganization of trade and industry consequent upon the smash swept away the worst evils.

Grenfell seized the opportunity, in the summer following the smash, to launch a scheme that he had long regarded as the only real remedy for the economic helplessness and sordid poverty of the fishermen, which were partly due to the extortionate prices charged by planters and agents for the commodities supplied. It was bad enough that the poor Labradorman or Livyere was compelled to hand over the fruit of his season's fishing for a slip of paper showing that he had reduced his debt by so much—it was adding injustice to hardship when the sack of flour he ordered for his winter needs, and which was worth sixteen shillings, was put down to his account at thirty shillings, thus plunging him more helplessly into debt than ever.

> We set to work to find a new sermon to preach on this subject [the doctor reported]. Hitherto lack of experience had compelled us to cope with this evil of hunger and nakedness by collecting and distributing warm clothing, and helping the people in various ways to get food. Now we realized the futility of giving financial help to men who had to pay twelve shillings for a hogshead of salt, which could be bought at St. John's for four shillings. We were vigorously stirred by the fact that many of our most piteous cases of tuberculosis of glands and bones were the direct result of chronic semi-starvation, notably amongst the children.

Could anything be done to preach the Gospel on economic lines? Or should he be satisfied to work on, trying to undo what he saw would all be done over again directly his back was turned? Should he go on preaching the salvation of the soul in the next world, while he witnessed the damnation of the body in this, without making an effort to mitigate the situation, however feeble it might prove? As an experimental answer to these questions, the doctor started in business at Red Bay, on the Straits of Belle Isle.

"We started a sermon with a coöperative store as a text," reported Grenfell afterwards. "The people round it were all heavily in debt; most winters they received so much Government relief to keep them from actual starvation that the place was known as 'the Sink.'"

It proved easier to plan the idea of a coöperative store than work it out successfully. The people were very illiterate and knew nothing about business. Furthermore, they had hardly any money to put into the scheme, and were in mortal fear lest the traders should find out that they were mixed up in the doctor's new venture. By dint of much persuasion, and after promising to stand in with them himself, Grenfell got seventeen families to put a year's hard savings into the scheme, in the form of one five-dollar share each. Although not professing to be a business man, the doctor had to subscribe a large number of necessary shares, organize the store himself, and be managing director into the bargain. One of the younger fishermen, "with a head for business," was made secretary at a properly constituted meeting, over which the managing director presided. The combined capital of the eighteen shareholders was paid up there and then, and a shipload of stores—principally of such essential articles as flour, butter, tea, salt, pork, etc.—ordered through an agent at St. John's. Every shareholder agreed to sell the whole of his catch through the coöperative store, and, greatly daring, the fish were consigned to the agent. The store was to retail its provisions at prices that gave the shareholders a small profit, but which would still be little more than half those charged by the ordinary trader.

So timid were the first shareholders that they not only wanted their part in it kept secret, but were afraid to advertise its existence by putting up a signboard. To show his contempt for the enemy, and to set his friends an example in courage, Grenfell insisted on chalking in great letters right across the face of the building, “ Red Bay Coöperative Store.”

In due time the fish were sold and the supplies were duly received from the agent at St. John’s, and business started. “ Store prices ” in this case caused quite a sensation. The stock was soon cleared, for customers found that their spending power was nearly doubled by dealing at the new store. The traders were, of course, furious with the “ interfering ” doctor.

“ Why doesn’t he stick to doctoring and preaching? ” they asked each other indignantly. They left off attending his services in protest, but their attitude left Grenfell unmoved.

The sequel to this piece of pioneer work may be recorded here, though we are anticipating. Within two or three years the people of Red Bay were not merely freed from the menace of starvation during bad seasons, but from the shackles of debt. Further, through better living they became far healthier, and this made the work of the doctor much lighter. The store prospered, the doctor was paid out, and later on a small schooner was purchased out of profits to take the fish direct to market, and bring back fresh stocks. As the experiment proved successful at Red Bay, it was naturally copied at other places on the coast, with equally good results.

Grenfell made the experiment of going out with the seal-fishers on the *Neptune* in 1896. These men venture out on the icefields in the spring, when the seals are young. The date of their departure was fixed by Government, and there was a race between the skippers of the sealing schooners to get to the breeding-places first. It being still early spring, it was necessary to use saws, crowbars, and even dynamite to break up the ice and make a free road out of the harbor for the ships.

Great haste marked the work of seal fishing, and Grenfell thoroughly enjoyed every moment of the season. When the loose ice was reached, he was as ready as any one to leap from the deck of the slow-moving ship on to a passing ice-pan (floating ice). It was then both thrilling and adventurous to jump from one ice-pan to another searching for seals, sometimes having to wait till the ever-moving mass brought the next pan near enough to permit a flying leap across the channel of water between. To jump short, or to lose a foothold on the slippery ice, meant at best a plunge into the freezingly cold water, and at worst a cold grave under an ice-pan. The clubbing or shooting of the seals appealed to the doctor much more than the work of sculping which followed it, when the skin and fat of the young seal were ripped off, and the rest of the carcase, being useless, thrown back into the water or left on the ice. Then came the race back to enable the *Neptune* to reach harbor by June 21st, the official date by which all the vessels had to be back in port with their catch.

In the following spring the doctor was sent pioneering by his Mission to Iceland, where he passed the summer in investigating the need for a mission steamer on that wintry coast. The winter was spent on the North Sea, superintending the development of the work there. The summer of 1898 was devoted to pioneering round the Irish coast, and establishing a branch of the Mission among the Irish fishermen.

All this activity in home waters was no indication that Grenfell had lost his love for the Labrador. During those three years the work was being carried on and developed by Dr. Willway and others. The ill-starred *Sir Donald*, that had begun its missionary career by becoming almost a total wreck, had by this time come to an equally inglorious end. She had been laid up by Dr. Willway for the winter in Assizes Harbor, not far from Battle Island. Everyone imagined that she would be perfectly safe and snug there, but when he went to visit her in the spring, she had completely disappeared! The bed of the harbor was raked, but not a trace of her could be found.

The enigma was unsolved until June brought the sealing vessels back to St. John's, when one of the vessels towed the runaway into St. John's Harbor. The seal fishers of the *Ranger* had been surprised one day to see the rigging of a ship sticking out of a big ice-floe far out on the Atlantic. Telling the story of this discovery to Grenfell afterwards, they declared that when they found the derelict ship stuck fast in the ice she was surrounded by seals, who had claimed her as treasure-trove, a party of them being caught having a tea-party in the *Sir Donald's* cabin! The ice in Assizes Harbor must have swung out to sea almost intact during an early thaw, taking the ship with it, and the bay had subsequently filled up with ice again, thus covering the tracks of the runaway. As the *Sir Donald* had been damaged during her adventure, and was not particularly suitable for hospital work, she was promptly sold, part of the proceeds being handed to the crew of the *Ranger* for their work of salvage. The immediate needs of the Mission for a boat were met by the munificence of a lady in Toronto, who provided a steam launch, the *Julia Sheridan.*

VIII

OUT IN A KOMATIK

GRENFELL spent the summer of 1899 in England, superintending the building of a special hospital steamer, of which more will be heard anon. In the autumn he crossed the Atlantic once more, working his way over in an empty ore-tanker as purser.

After various adventures, he reached Battle Harbor Hospital late in October, receiving a royal welcome after his three years' absence. The progress that had been made in the work surprised and delighted him. The big hospital, with its crowd of patients, the busy and happy staff, and the well-appointed mission-buildings, were a pleasant contrast with the humble beginning made in a small, half-finished house seven years earlier.

After a short cruise on the little *Julia Sheridan*, the coming of the ice compelled the doctor to turn his course southward. As he was thus forced to turn his back once more on the Livyeres, so soon after he had reappeared in their midst, his mind was busy with a plan to help them. Often he had been urged to stay on that side of the Atlantic during the winter, for on both sides of the Straits of Belle Isle there was a great need for doctoring and teaching. So that winter he determined to brave the ice and the gales, and make his headquarters at St. Anthony, where he was assured his help would be invaluable.

In making this resolve he had bigger plans even than of helping the people of North Newfoundland—at the back of his mind there was a scheme to cross the frozen straits and visit the Livyeres on the Labrador coast.

" Calls for the doctor were constant," he says. " I spent but three Sundays at home during the whole time, and my records show 1,500 miles covered with dogs."

The use of a komatik (the Eskimo name for a light sleigh) opened a new field of work for the doctor. He not only learned how to manage a team of the famous Eskimo dogs, but to love them. They are obviously closely related to the gray wolf of the prairie. Indeed, Grenfell tells of one settler in the north who frequently saw his team of dogs mix with a pack of wolves, which he could not shoot for fear of killing his own dogs by mistake. The dogs are wolfish in nature as well as in appearance. Their manners are as conspicuously absent as their morals.

> I was visiting one day a bed-ridden patient [the doctor relates]. As the outer door opened, a fragrant scent as of a dinner preparing was wafted outward. Suddenly an avalanche swept me off my legs, and a pack of dogs, whisking the stew-pot off the fire, began to fight savagely over its contents—the more so as each, having burned his nose in the boiling liquid, attributed his affliction to his neighbor. Meanwhile the house was filled with steam and Eskimo imprecations, the latter rendered forcible by long harpoon handles. I was almost sorry I had called.

The presence of large numbers of these animals prevented Grenfell from putting several plans into effect for helping the poor Livyeres through the privations of winter-time. The keeping of sheep, pigs, or fowls proved a complete failure because the dogs devoured them faster than they could be introduced into the country. They have even been known to kill and eat children, and old people who were unable to defend themselves. Yet their pluck and endurance, their sense of locality, and their instinct for finding human beings make these dogs not merely trusty helpers, but at times rescuers and life-savers.

During that first winter at St. Anthony the doctor had occasion to be grateful to his dogs more than once. About a dozen of them, each harnessed to his komatik by a single walrus-hide trace of a different length, would bear him swiftly and safely over the ice on his errands of mercy.

> When the ice is good [he reported at the time], dogs will maintain eight miles an hour, at other times they can only advance at a walk; while, when the ice is surging up and down over the sea, and wind and snow are against them, the weight of the sleigh will even drag them backwards. They are exceedingly heavy, and their dragging power is enormous. It takes a full-grown man to hold one in leash. A team of fifteen dogs took six people on the sleigh "like a house on fire." They are very quick to recognize the danger of being cut off from the land, especially when water comes over the ice, and they will then throw their whole strength into the work. Many times when a driver, overtaken by night—perhaps having missed the trail from heavy snow—and quite exhausted, gives up the unequal struggle, the

unerring instinct of the dogs finds full play, and they rarely fail to reach shelter of some kind.

In addition to a large number of cases that required his attention at St. Anthony that winter, the doctor was constantly in receipt of calls from far and near. One day a starved-looking team of dogs dragged a komatik to his door, from which a half-frozen messenger staggered, bringing a request for help:

" My little boy has broken his leg, and is in dreadful pain. Please come at once."

There was no gainsaying such a request, and although he had plenty of other patients to attend, Grenfell set off at once. It was not until ten o'clock at night that they reached the sufferer—a small boy, lying on a settle, supported by his father's arms, and moaning with pain. Setting to work, the doctor administered chloroform, set the broken bone, and later on the boy was sleeping quietly and naturally in his bed. After an ever-welcome cup of tea, Grenfell turned in on the floor in his sleeping bag, and knew nothing more till he was awakened next morning by his patient, who was singing and talking happily to his dog. By the time the doctor was ready to go back the boy was in high spirits, and well on the road to recovery. Proceeding on his journey home, he was soon stopped by another messenger, who greeted him with the words:

" I've a fresh team of dogs to take you to the island, sir. There's a man there, and he's very sick. Will you come? "

" Yes, I will," was the cheery reply; so off they went. Even on this next journey the doctor was not allowed to get far without being stopped by more appeals for help—a young man for his mother, and a father for his three-year-old boy. Aid was refused to no one as Grenfell, like his Master of old, " went about doing good " all through that winter.

On one of his longer journeys home from a round of healing and teaching, the doctor had an adventure that nearly cost him his life. Coming to one side of a harbor, he saw the chance of saving much precious time by cutting straight across, if the ice were safe enough. The alternative was a long detour round the bay, over very rough ground. The ice looked sound, but to test whether it would bear the komatik, its driver and his own weight, he stepped out upon it. After a few steps the ice cracked and opened, and he went through into the icy water below. It was not difficult for Grenfell to scramble out, drenched to the skin, but he knew that in such a climate a sheltered place must be found to change his clothes, or he would never reach home alive. As they had passed through a small fir-wood a mile back, he gave the order to drive back there. So the komatik was turned round, and the doctor ran after it as hard as he could, for he must keep moving or be frozen to death. Never did any mile seem so long; his clothes were soon frozen hard, and he felt like a man trying to run in heavy armor. At long last he reached the protection of the fir-wood, and found the driver of the komatik waiting with a change of clothes ready. Without a moment's delay, the doctor changed into dry clothes, and a few minutes after was able to tell the driver, " I never felt warmer in my life."

These winter trips on the komatik were not all peril and hardship, however. At times the doctor had great sport, when the necessity of finding food added a spice of hunting to the daily round. Once when crossing a bay he saw a number of seals bobbing about in the water beyond the ice-edge. Knowing that his leading dog, Podge, was a seal-hunter, he hitched up the team and crept out to the edge of the ice, with Podge following close behind. Having got as near as he dared go, the doctor, who knew the ways of seals, lay down flat on the ice and waited, occasionally lifting and waggling his leg just as a seal would wag its tail. By this clever ruse the seals were induced to come nearer, mistaking Grenfell and his waggling leg for a brother seal basking in the sun. In this way he was able to shoot a couple of them, and Podge fished them out for a much-needed meal for the team.

Sometimes the doctor lost his way in the fog and blinding snow, and had to spend several nights camping in the woods. On one of these occasions his small store of food ran out, and he had to live by chewing pieces of green sealskin cut from his boots and broiling his skin gloves over a fire he had lit.

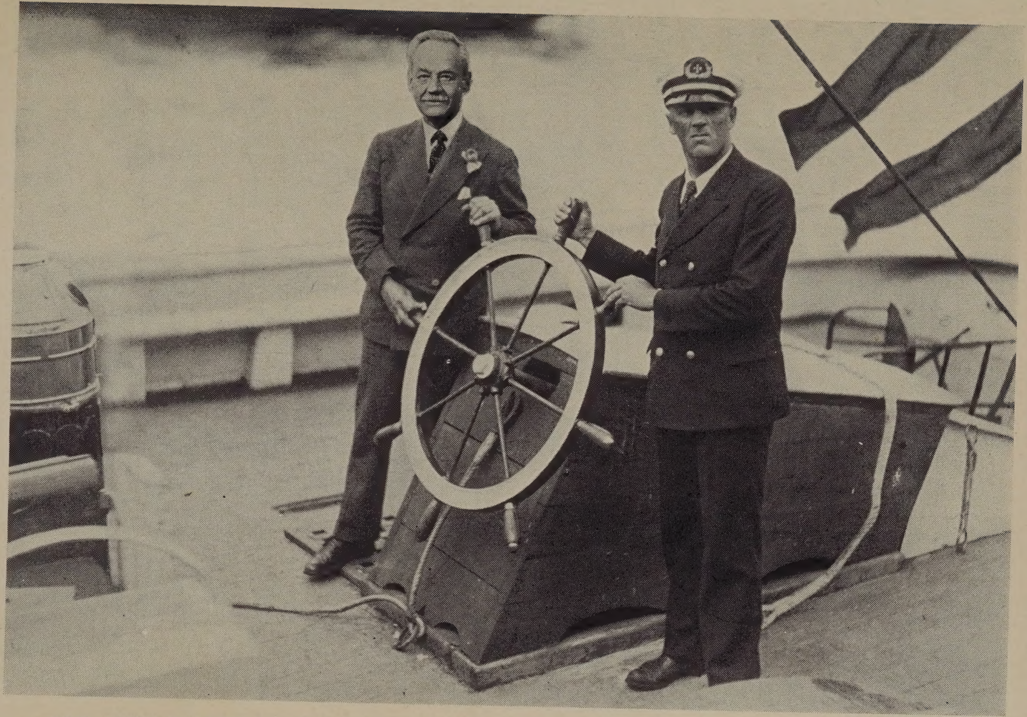
Oftentimes he was touched to the heart by the generosity and kindness of the poor folk he met. Once he arrived at a poor-looking house in the middle of the night. The lights were out, it was bitterly cold, and the old couple had gone to bed. Finding Grenfell at the door, the old man got up at once, and came out with a lantern to feed the dogs, while his wife lit a fire in the freezingly cold room, made him some cocoa, and then sent him to bed. Not till later did he discover that the cocoa was from a special hoard kept solely for visitors, and that the old couple had given him their own bed to sleep in, while they themselves, who lived on bread and water, slept on the floor. Nor would they accept a halfpenny in payment for their hospitality.

IX

CAPTAIN OF THE STRATHCONA

WHEN the summer of 1900 opened the coast of Labrador to the big fishing fleet from Newfoundland, the doctor had his new hospital steamer ready for action. She had been specially built during the preceding summer at Dartmouth for hospital work. Grenfell's staunch supporter, Sir Donald Smith (by this time Lord Strathcona), had contributed generously towards the cost of this steamer, so when launched she was christened the *Strathcona.* She crossed the Atlantic in ten days, in time to join the Newfoundland fleet and take Grenfell for a preaching and doctoring tour among the vessels right up the coast.

She was a smart, steel, ten-knot boat, with auxiliary sail power, and provided with a well-equipped little hospital amidships. To save fuel—always an expensive item in that part of the world—the boat was ketch-rigged, *i. e.,* with main and mizzen masts, so that she could display six sails to the wind when all her canvas was spread. Like other boats of the Mission, the wheel of the *Strathcona* bore the words, " Jesus saith, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men," while fluttering at the peak of her mainmast was the blue pennant bearing her motto, " God is love." From the day that



SIR WILFRED GRENFELL AND CAPT. C. IVERSEN ON BOARD THE MISSION SUPPLY SCHOONER *GEORGE B. CLUETT*

Grenfell first trod her decks she became his joy and pride.

During that first summer's work on the new ship she was put through her paces, for Grenfell ventured farther north in her than he had ever attempted in any other Mission boat. This expedition was the outcome of a piece of brotherly service that men of the Mission delight to render. On visiting each of the five Moravian Mission stations, the doctor learned that his missionary brethren were anxious to find a suitable spot to start a new station, so he offered the services of the *Strathcona* for the task of prospecting. Taking one of their number with him, they went as far as Cape Chidley, and then negotiated the dangerous rocky channel that separates the cape from the mainland. The doctor-skipper had to depend upon the reports of the Eskimo as to a navigable channel, since the narrow waterway was uncharted. More than once he had an anxious moment, as his new ship was carried along on a swift-rushing current, as though she were nothing more than an empty match-box. They got back into safer waters, however, without mishap, and with a sigh of relief.

Southward the *Strathcona* went, putting into many harbors. Everywhere her flag brought a number of small boats alongside, and in a short space of time her decks became crowded with fishermen and their wives and children, all " full of small ailments that few people die of." Sometimes the whole family brought one patient. The doctor's consulting room was on deck on such occasions. The first task was a rough and ready sorting out of the sheep from the goats, *i. e.*, the trifling cases and minor ailments from those that needed more careful examination. The operating theater was the space at the foot of the companion ladder leading down to the saloon. Not least of the doctor's difficulties was the limited vocabulary and intelligence of some of the Livyeres, half-castes, and Eskimo, that made their description of their ailments humorously vague.

"I am chilled to the cinders," said an anxious Irishman once.

"Well, we can put on some fresh coal," said the doctor cheerfully. "How old are you?"

"Forty-six, doctor."

"A mere child," said Grenfell, with a twinkle in his eye, and proceeded to make further inquiries.

As the man disappeared with a bottle of medicine, a bevy of women stepped forward, all wanting attention at once. One declared that she had a "bad stummick;" the second wanted "turrble bad" to have her tooth "hauled;" another had a sore neck; while a fourth woman's complaint was something "too turrble to tell."

Even when the doctor had done his best, it was very difficult to convince some of the sufferers that the prescription meant just what it said. In one case a woman was given liniment for her knee, and found it so beneficial that she took a good dose for a stomach-ache. Her simple logic was that pain being pain and medicine being medicine, what was good for rubbing on a knee would be equally effective for a pain in the stomach. Fortunately, the liniment was not strong enough to do her much harm.

In the same way if the doctor prescribed "one teaspoonful three times a day," the whole bottle of medicine was sometimes emptied at a gulp, for the very simple reason that if one teaspoonful did good, the whole would effect an instantaneous cure.

When patients could not come, or be brought to the *Strathcona,* they would send messages, or grubby little notes, begging Grenfell to come to them. The following is an exact copy of the wording and arrangement of a note the doctor received one day:

> Mr. Docker Greand
> Felle Battle Harbor
> Labrador.
> Please Docker i sen
> you this to see if
> you call in Sea
> bight when you gose
> down to see Mr. archbell
> Chubbs he in nead
> of you.

One day two telegrams reached the *Strathcona* in quick succession from the brave man in charge of the Greenly Island Lighthouse, near Blanc Sablon, a very important station in the Straits of Belle Isle. The first read:

> Do your best to come and operate me I have an abscess under right tonsil will give you coal for your steamer am getting pretty weak. Capt. J. N. Cote, Long Point.

The second wire from the same man followed the first almost immediately, and ran as follows:

Please come as fast as you can to operate me in the throat and save my life.

Without hesitating, the doctor started for Greenly Island, a voyage of about a hundred miles. The wind was against them, and progress was very slow. That part of the coast was also very dangerous, jagged rocks jutting out of the water far from land. A policy of "safety first" would have made the doctor take a wide detour, but as this meant loss of time, Grenfell gave the order to the man at the wheel:

"Run her so close to those rocks that you almost skin her."

When human life was at stake, this big-hearted doctor was ready to take great risks. With every possible inch of canvas spread, and burning their precious coal as though that commodity were cheap and easily obtainable, the *Strathcona* zigzagged her way at high speed between the rocks and through narrow channels, bent on saving Captain Cote's life, if that were possible. When they got near Blanc Sablon, they saw a small motor-boat chuffing its way out from the shore. A man stood up and waved an oar to attract their attention, then a tall man with his overcoat buttoned up to his ears stood up also. It was their patient, come out to meet them to save time. When he clambered aboard he was pale, weak and shaky, but he was a real man, and did not even wince when the doctor got to work with his lancet on the diseased throat.

"Just in time," said the doctor afterwards, when the captain's throat, cleared of the abscess, began to heal up. From the lighthouse-keeper's lips Grenfell learned the story of duty faithfully done under trying circumstances.

"In eighteen days, doctor, I never saw a ship for the fog: but I kept the light burning—two thousand gallons of kerosene she took. All summer long it was fog—fog—fog. I'll show you by the book I keep. Ever since the ice went out we've had fog. Five days we had in July, when it was clear—but never such a clear day as we have now. Come ashore with me on Greenly Island, and you shall have the only motor car ride it would be possible for you to have in Labrador."

The doctor accepted the offer and spent an interesting day on the island, finishing up with a homely meal in the spotlessly clean home of the lighthouse-keeper. Before they parted, Cote pulled out his wallet, selected three ten-dollar bills, and held them out to Grenfell, saying: "I will pay you as much more as you like."

The doctor handed back two of the bills: "That will be enough," he said.

Remembering his promise of coal, the captain then asked: "How much coal do you want?"

"You can put aboard just the amount we used in coming here," said the doctor promptly, "that is, five and a half tons."

On inquiry they found that it would be impossible to put coal on board the *Strathcona* that day, for it would have been blown away in such a wind, there being no sacks available for it. They therefore arranged that it should be stored at a convenient spot when the weather was suitable, for future use.

During all this time the store at Red Bay was proving very successful, and the promoters now owned their own schooner, the *Coöperator*. But Grenfell saw that while this brought down the prices of the necessities of life, and made the fishermen free agents for the disposal of their catch, it could not help them over the barren winter months. Some new source of income would be necessary if the people were to become self-supporting the whole year round.

After a great deal of anxious thought, the doctor decided to launch out into the lumbering business at his own expense and risk. He secured an option on the lumbering rights in the St. Anthony district from the Newfoundland Government, on special terms.

Inquiry soon showed the doctor that starting a lumber-mill would be a hazard, and would demand a good deal of capital. His Mission Board had no money for such a scheme, of course, and were not at all favorable to their doctor launching out on commercial ventures. But he was so convinced of the need of such an industry that he determined to make it a personal investment. On his own responsibility he ordered all the tools and other supplies needed for the timber-cutters in the woods, and the machinery for the lumber-mill.

Thus it came about that with little knowledge, but boundless enthusiasm, the settlers of St. Anthony started a lumber-camp in the woods when winter approached, so that with the coming of the ice the logs could be easily got down to the mill. Meanwhile, as the doctor had other work to do, he could do no more than commission the captain of the *Coöperator* to collect the mill machinery and deliver it at a spot to be chosen by the lumbermen.

Later on Grenfell learned that the boiler alone would weigh three tons, so he had many anxious moments during his summer cruise along the Labrador coast, as he pictured the three-ton boiler at the bottom of the harbor, with or without the schooner! As there were no means of communication, he had to hope for the best.

Not till his summer work was over could he sail down to St. Anthony to learn the true state of affairs. He found quite a village of small wooden huts erected under the protection of the trees in the little bay, and a crowd of enthusiastic admirers rushed from them to welcome him as the *Strathcona* appeared off-shore. When he landed, the first thing he saw was the big boiler lying safely on the bank, ready to be put into position when required. The pressing claims of hospital work soon drew him away again and Christmas had come and gone before another opportunity offered for going to see how the lumbering was getting on.

This time the journey entailed a long and dangerous tramp across the snow, through a tangle of close-grown forests, and across a bit of country that no one had ever ventured through in winter. Nothing daunted, Grenfell started this journey with two extra dog-teams for the komatiks. The trek proved one long succession of difficulties, obstructions, and forced delays, that by comparison made an obstacle race an easy sprint in the open. Eventually, however, they reached the lumbermen's camp, and received an uproarious welcome. All work was stopped for the day to celebrate the unexpected arrival of "the boss," and high revel was held round blazing campfires. Grenfell found that great progress had been made with logging, and the enterprise had now reached the stage of putting together the mill machinery.

The sequel may be told here. When the doctor visited the bay in the spring, a column of smoke from the mill chimney showed that work was going on inside—a surmise that was confirmed by the screech of a saw that sounded in his ears as he landed. The second year proved the most critical in this enterprise, for the money for the first season's timber had not been received, so none was available for purchasing the winter's supplies of food for the lumbermen. The Mission, of course, could not make an advance, and the doctor did not feel he could borrow the money for, or persuade people to invest in, such a hazardous enterprise. Yet he was more certain than ever that this practical piece of Christian service was needed to help the settlers through the winter. By putting almost every farthing he possessed into the scheme, he was able to get round this difficult corner, and after that the enterprise steadily progressed. Within a few years it was a business success, and an incalculable boon to the people. Once again Dr. Grenfell's courageous pioneering had justified itself.

Many are the strange stories the doctor tells of his healing work at this period. One day he was called to see a dying girl who had been cooking and mending for the men in one of the small fishing huts. He found her in a rude bunk, dying of typhoid fever, her only nurse an old sea-captain. The old man held the lamp while the doctor did what he could to give the girl ease, but the captain seemed very downhearted, and slipped out every now and again into the dark as though watching for something. That night the girl died, and after the burial the doctor helped the captain to carry out her bunk and belongings, and on the edge of the cliff a bonfire was made to prevent the carrying of infection. As the flames leaped up, the doctor learned the cause of the captain's anxiety—a big boat, with his sons on board, had been missing since the morning in the fog. Before he left next day, Grenfell had the joy of seeing the missing boat return with the captain's sons safe and sound. He found then that the girl's death had been the means of saving the lives of the boat's crew, for that bonfire on the cliff had been a beacon shining through the darkness and fog, giving the lost boat the one signal they needed to work their way back to their island home.

Early in 1901 a start with the hospital at St. Anthony was made possible by a grant of three hundred pounds from the Newfoundland Government. In view of this fact, and the obvious need, the Mission now agreed to take over the hospital, and so add to its already heavy commitments.

X

ADVENTURE AND EXPANSION

WITH the passing of time it became increasingly manifest that Grenfell's work was like casting a stone into a pond. Each hospital radiated ever-increasing circles of healing, and one of the greatest problems he had to face was the constant demand for more. Never did it seem possible to satisfy the request for more frequent visitation on the long Labrador trail, while at both Indian Harbor and Battle Harbor the number of patients begging for admission was always greatly in excess of the hospital accommodation. The doctor was always ready to wear himself out at work, but when it came to the extension of buildings, caution was necessary.

> I never put up a building without having the funds in hand [he declared], but when it comes to work, I believe in beginning first, and asking afterwards. The support will somehow come, if there is faith, but faint-heartedness means paralysis of effort.

Early in 1902 he decided that in some way both Battle and Indian Harbor Hospitals must be enlarged. Accordingly, he visited the big centers of Canada and the Eastern States on a money-raising campaign. As has always been the case, wherever he went crowds flocked to hear him speak. The simple and straightforward style of the man, and his appealing story of the allaying of human suffering, held his audiences spellbound, and loosed their purse-strings. That summer a new wing was added at Battle Harbor that gave the hospital more beds, a new operating theater, and a room for convalescents. Extensions were also made at Indian Harbor, so that the number of patients receiving treatment that year reached the record figure of 2,774.

In picturing these hospitals we must not imagine them to be the roomy, solid, brick-built "palaces of pain" familiar to us. In our eyes they would look little better than a collection of army huts; for apart from the cost, there is neither brick nor stone available for building in Labrador.

The problem of staffing those enlarged hospitals was not difficult. While visiting the big cities on the Atlantic seaboard, Grenfell made friends for himself and the Mission among surgeons and doctors famed throughout the Eastern States for their skill. One or two of these, emulating the example of Sir Frederick Treves in the North Sea, began visiting Labrador waters for a holiday cruise, went to see the Mission hospitals, and from sheer admiration for the work offered their services. In this way some of the most eminent specialists in the United States and Canada have served the fishermen and settlers of Labrador, working without fee or reward. Gifted women of means and leisure have also found a vocation and an abundant life by serving the Mission in an honorary capacity as matrons, sisters, and nurses.

The denominational labels and theological views of his helpers count for nought with Grenfell—the supreme qualification is an ardent desire to serve the suffering in the name of Jesus Christ. His workers are recruited from all branches of the Christian Church.

> I sat in a small, mean little cabin on our coast some time ago [he reports], while a trained nurse from New York washed a sick baby and taught the mother how to save the poor little mite's life. It was that gentlewoman's ministry for Jesus Christ. For the privilege, she was paying her own expenses and receiving no salary. If ever I realized the Master standing by in my life, it was then and there in the semi-darkness of that hut. That kind of ministry never fails to grip the laboring man. An hour later, as I spoke to a preacher about this angel of mercy, he said, " Yes, but it is a pity she is a Roman Catholic." Yes, it is hard, this faith in Jesus Christ. It will bring her no praise of men. Yet it was such sermons as this nurse's that Jesus thought it worth while wasting His time on, when the world lacked theology far more than it does today.

The beginning of 1903 saw an extension of the lumber-mill at St. Anthony, with the object of providing more winter work for the Newfoundland settlers. A schooner-building yard was added, and plans were laid for starting a cooperage to make fish barrels.

The doctor has himself had plenty of experience of the rougher side of seafaring, and we could fill many pages with stories of his marvelous escapes. It is easy to sympathize with the astonishment of one Newfoundland skipper who, seeing Grenfell's vessel return safely to port after an unusually perilous storm, said:

"Sure, I don't know 'ow she 'as done it," adding, "the Lord must kape an eye on that man."

In September of that year the *Strathcona*, while making south for Battle Harbor, was suddenly enveloped in a blanket of thick fog. On taking soundings and finding that they had but nine fathoms of water, they cast anchor. Soon a great gale blew up, making it necessary to weigh anchor and get into deeper water. The peril of the situation was made clear by the constant roar of breakers to leeward. Grenfell decided that the only hope of escaping shipwreck lay in casting anchor again, and he ordered this to be done, praying that the anchor would hold till daylight. As this seemed unlikely, the sick folk in the ward below were dressed and got ready, and all hands were warned to be prepared to make a jump for it if the crash came.

Everyone on board spent an anxious night, waiting to see what dawn would bring. When light came they were horrified to see two big vessels ashore quite close to them. One had just turned over, and her crew were clinging to her sides or struggling in the water, tossed about by the waves. The doctor and his men looked helplessly on, for no rescue was possible on their part. By and by a little boat pushed out from a vessel safely anchored under the shelter of the land, and went to the rescue of the drowning men. Two other vessels drifted along soon afterwards, helpless in that terrible sea. A couple of men were standing on the deck of one of them, with the ends of the broken cables in their hands, and as they were carried past the *Strathcona* they held up the broken ends and called out pathetically:

"Good-bye, doctor, it's all gone." That awful morning lived long in the doctor's memory, but it was some relief a few days later to meet those men who had called out good-bye to him. It was reported afterwards that twenty-one vessels were lost during that storm.

When Peary was preparing for another dash for the Pole, that gallant American spent several days on board the *Strathcona,* and a great deal of good-natured "chaff" was exchanged between the two pioneers, who were kindred spirits. Peary had a good deal to say about "nailing the Stars and Stripes to the North Pole" when he found it. Grenfell was quick to point out that Peary's skipper and crew were all British, being drawn entirely from Newfoundland and Labrador, adding as a final thrust:

"If you don't look sharp, when you reach the Polar Ocean you will find a Hull trawler calmly fishing there!"

If it is true that all Labrador and half Newfoundland is "Grenfell's parish," it is equally true that he regards any humanitarian scheme as part of his mission as a Christian and a doctor. As much of the loss of life on the Labrador coast was due to the absence of lighthouses, he agitated successfully in Government circles, both at St. John's and Ottawa, and lighthouses were eventually placed at the most dangerous points.

Another source of suffering and hardship for his people was the lack of telegraphic communication. The distance that messengers had to travel in order to fetch him to an urgent case is emphasized again and again in his records, and he helped to bring a telegraph wire right along the coast of Labrador.

This little hospital at St. Anthony, the base of our operations, is as full as it can hold [he reports]. One doctor finds considerably more than he can do, though this winter I have a voluntary assistant from America, who has just come back from a sick call of a hundred and twenty miles in our little motor launch. Scarcely an hour ago two men arrived from fifteen miles to the north for a man whose life is in danger, and whom I am just off to visit. It is some trouble coming for a doctor in this country.

One fisherman I operated on last week had come two hundred miles, and I have two others in the hospital who have come over seventy. From one of these poor fellows a cancer was removed. The other has a diseased spine, which we have been able to straighten partially, and now he is going home to try and earn a living for a wife and three children, handicapped as he is by the arduous task of fishing with a hook and line in these frigid waters.

I am bound as far north as Cumberland Inlet, if it is in any way possible for me to reach so far. Early next month I expect to cross the Straits and meet my colleague, the doctor in charge of the mission hospital at Battle Harbor. He has been frozen in since the end of last November, when he last saw the face of a Southerner. I expect he has traveled farther still with his dogs, for his people are more scattered than ours. It is always rather an anxious moment when, after these long absences, we anchor off the hospital, until we have heard the news of the winter. Some two hundred miles to the westward a new colleague has been stationed this winter, and there is being built a fourth hospital, a center for two hundred miles on each side of him.

We went north to attend the meeting of one of our co-operative enterprises and straighten up the accounts. Our fisherman manager, in his own words, " is no scholard," but he is transparently honest, except that we often catch him handsomely robbing himself of his dues. We had scarcely got the meeting under way when a six-oared boat came in. They had rowed fifty miles from the southward, found me away from hospital, and chased me eight miles farther north. Even had I not known the man's face, directly he spoke I should have known the little settlement he came from.

"Paddy McCarty's wife is real sick, doctor. It would please you to come with us, we think sure you might save her life." We settle on this coast by denominations.

"How long has she been bad, Mick?"

"'Tis about a week, sorr."

"Then you can start home at once, and I'll follow you in the little motor-boat."

"All right, sorr." And they made to go away without even a cup of tea, as if they had been two minutes instead of two days and nights on their journey. She was dead before we got there—just dead. There could be no reasonable doubt that a telegraphic message would have saved her.

Later in that same year Grenfell reported that on the coast they had sprung into notoriety with their series of Marconi stations, that flashed messages from the Straits of Belle Isle as far north as Hamilton Inlet. To the southward they were connected with the long line of wires erected by the Canadian Government along the north side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Thus they were in communication with the outside world at last! The object of this wire was to convey information immediately any disaster happened to ships coming to and from Canada.

Soon after this another boon was conferred on the people of Labrador through Grenfell's enterprise.

Being cut off from the rest of the world for half the year, Labrador folk were perforce unlettered and ill-informed. Newspapers were scarce, magazines rare, and books almost unknown. To remedy this, the doctor sought the help of Andrew Carnegie, whose benefactions to libraries are well known. The millionaire was favorably impressed by the appeal, and as a result about forty small traveling libraries were distributed along the coast, containing one hundred and fifty-two books in each.

After many vexatious delays, the summer of 1904 saw the completion of the St. Anthony Hospital, and a further step forward was taken soon after by the commencement of regular medical work at Harrington, near Cape Whittle, on the north bank of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. So great was the amount of sickness and suffering treated by the Harrington doctor, that during the following summer a permanent hospital—the fourth to be opened by Grenfell—was built at Harrington, its cost and maintenance being met by friends in Montreal and Toronto. The matron and nurses for this hospital were provided by the Victorian Order of Nurses, founded by Lady Aberdeen, another influential supporter of the Mission.

> Harvard University has supplied one hospital with a volunteer medical officer this summer, one all last winter, and another assistant with us on the hospital ship also [reports the doctor]. Bowdoin University is sending us two men to help with running the motor launches, both volunteers. Princeton University sent us two similar men last year, and many others of the workers on our staff every year have

been volunteers, both British and American coming out for "work" at their own charges.

About this time another of the doctor's dreams was realized. Partly owing to the perils of fishing off that inhospitable coast, and partly to the terrible privation of the winters, many bread-winners lose their lives, and the number of widows and orphans has always been distressingly large. Some of the most touching cases in the doctor's records relate to little children. Naturally, they made the strongest appeal to him, and were given preference in the Labrador hospitals.

A girl of seven years, with club-foot, was so bad that she had to crawl on her hands and knees [Grenfell reports], and having no brother or sister, and no other children to associate with, while her parents were too busy in keeping the wolf from the door to exercise her in this respect, was hardly able to speak. She was brought to hospital, and ultimately cured. A boy, aged three, with the same disease, calmly told the doctor that he had a right foot and a wrong one, and the wrong one was no good; though in hospital later, after adequate treatment, he confessed that it was now "gooder than the other." At another place the father of a little boy whose eye had been blinded by a snowball arranged to send him to hospital later, as he could not spare him then, because he was needed for fishing. In another hut there lay what seemed to be a bundle of rags, but was really a child, for the fair hair of a blue-eyed boy of ten disclosed itself. When moved he moaned pitifully, and it was found that he had disease of the spine, with open sores in three places. He was stark naked, and starved to a skeleton, and this in the depth of winter!

Late one night a boat worked in along the coast with the news of a sick child fourteen miles to the northward. We had just got our little motor-boat running, and soon after daylight we were at the bedside. The child had been unconscious four days already. His only chance was an immediate operation. The mother had the courage, even so late, to venture the journey to hospital with the child. The wind trimming ahead, and only a little off the land, made a nasty head sea, and we were over three hours before we made the heads. All that time she sat with the child in her arms, though terribly seasick, and having to cling alternately to one side of the boat and then the other as we rolled. Twice the strain of the heavy child forced from her lips, "Are we near yet?" But she would not trust her precious burden to our hands. The child failed to rally after the operation, and after four days' waiting the brave woman went back, carrying her dead with her. Am I right in calling our tragedies hereabouts elemental?

More often than he cares to remember, the doctor has been called to a patient too late, so has had to superintend an interment instead of healing a sick man. In some of these cases the disposal of the orphans presented a serious problem. The doctor has been compelled to bring the children away with him, and find a childless couple somewhere who would adopt them; sometimes he has sent them to England or to Canada or the United States for shelter in a home or orphanage. For years this haphazard way of dealing with the orphan had to serve. In 1906 the real solution was made possible by the opening of a children's home at St. Anthony. The little building could accommodate twenty children, and like most of the doctor's establishments it had a big text across its longest wall:

"Suffer the little children to come unto me."

There was no difficulty in filling it. It was not so easy to get the staff and the money to maintain it, but here again the doctor's faith in Providence served him in good stead. At the very time that the home was completed, a lady of social rank in England, Miss Eleanor Storr, had crossed to Labrador at her own expense, to offer her services to the Mission. She at once took charge of this new enterprise and, starting with ten children, soon found her family increasing. On his very next visit to St. Anthony, Grenfell brought two others.

> Their father died last winter, leaving nothing [he explained]. Since then the mother and her five children have been sleeping and eating in one little room, eight by fourteen, in the corner of a neighbor's house. It was there we found our new orphans, a boy and a girl, five and seven years old respectively. What a satisfaction to know that two, at least, of these little ones have been removed from such miserable surroundings.

Before starting on her summer cruise for 1906, the *Strathcona* was improved and repainted. When she sailed from St. John's early in June, in a coat of respectable black paint instead of the orange color of the previous season, " she looked nobby," said one of her crew. With an enlarged deck-house, and a new blue flag at her mainmast, bearing the words, " Bethel—the sea is His," the skipper was very proud of her. At one of the first bays visited they were surprised one evening to see a boy of nine climb over the rail in his stockinged feet.

" Where are your boots, sonny? " was the greeting of the man on deck.

"All worn out, and I can't get any others," said the urchin, peering about him. He explained that he had come to see the doctor about his eyes. Grenfell found that he was practically blind in one eye, and his other was going rapidly in the same direction. The lad turned out to be an orphan, who had been living with an uncle since his mother died. His neglected state was sufficient testimony to his statement that his uncle could no longer afford to keep him. Without hesitation, the doctor decided to keep the boy on board for eye treatment, until he could transfer him to the care of the matron at the home.

XI

FACING DEATH

AFTER ten years' work in Labrador, it was natural that the ever-growing success of the Mission should make its pioneer's name a household word on both sides of the Atlantic. Two events occurred in the spring of 1907 that were eloquent of Grenfell's standing. In May he was called to the University of Oxford, and the honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred upon him by his Alma Mater. Three days later he was presented by Sir Frederick Treves to King Edward VII, and made a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. Earthly honors, however, sit lightly on the doctor, and it was the same unaffected, jolly and sympathetic skipper who reappeared on the Labrador when the breaking up of the ice opened communication with the Labrador hospitals once more. The log of the *Strathcona* records for us, in Grenfell's picturesque style, how the season's work began that summer.

> Once more we are afloat off our familiar coast, and the ice-pans on every side make it seem quite homely [he says]. The characteristic brown look of the land, and the absolutely naked rocks and cliffs, would make one suspicious of the locality if one woke up even in Pall Mall and saw it out of the window.

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A WHITE BAY FAMILY

At last we began to "rise" the high, barren cliffs of the north Treaty Shore, and a little later ran in under a high wooded bluff above a small fishing hamlet. There we dropped anchor. The usual salvo of guns had greeted our appearance in the offing as noisy discord. Before we had time to land we had gone through the British salute of the honest handshake, which, in this particular colony, always offers a sporting chance of a fractured metacarpal bone as an additional attraction! Up to the present few fish had come home to the rocks, though innumerable corks bobbing up and down in the water marked out a veritable labyrinth of network. A strange vessel, much less the simple codfish, approaching the land, finds it often hard to avoid entanglement.

Another two days, and we had unloaded our first contribution of workers, patients, and other impedimenta at our southernmost hospital. As we came to the wharf we could see a group of convalescents in some of our new wheel chairs, outside on the hospital balcony. These welcome gifts had evidently arrived before us by one of our own schooners. It had been a busy winter with the doctor there. He had been traveling the whole time and had attended nearly a thousand cases of sickness and accident. They had made one very exceptional run of nearly seventy miles. Considering the nature of the country they had to traverse, it spoke well for our dogs, and for the accomplishment of long distance running. There had been many additions made to the buildings, though owing to the phenomenally late winter not half the usual outside work had been possible.

Having studied Sheldon Jackson's experiment of introducing reindeer for the benefit of the people of Alaska, Grenfell decided to copy his example in Labrador. In January, 1908, his plans fructified in the arrival of a ship off St. Anthony with three hundred reindeer on board, in the care of ten Laplanders. As may well be imagined, the whole population turned out to watch the animals brought to shore. They were without horns, as these had been removed to make shipment easier, but this in no way troubled them. When put ashore they began calmly browsing on the spruce shrubs sticking out of the snow. Their introduction cost Grenfell a good round sum of money, but this weighed little compared with the advantages he hoped they would bring to the country in furnishing food, clothing, means of transport, and above all, milk for the Labrador babes. For several years this experiment was a thorough success, but as a matter of history we may relate here that ten years later, owing to the indifference and conservatism of the people, the reindeer were allowed to die out. This was a great mistake, and is already regretted bitterly by many of the people.

The doctor had one of the narrowest escapes from death on record at Eastertide in 1908. Indeed, it would be no exaggeration to describe it as so narrow that a man of less resource and experience would probably not have escaped. It happened that on Easter Sunday morning a call for help came from a point sixty miles southward. A few inquiries revealed the seriousness and urgency of the summons. A young man had been operated upon for hip disease and sent home, but the wound had been allowed to close before the poisonous matter had entirely escaped; and his condition was now serious. Grenfell decided to set off at once on the long journey, leaving the komatik of the messenger to follow after a brief rest. He chose a team of his best dogs, for although there was still ice and snow everywhere, the winter was ending, and any sort of weather might be expected. By nightfall twenty miles had been covered, and in due course the other komatik overtook him.

Next morning the others went ahead, the doctor following. During the night the weather had changed, and fog and rain now made traveling very slow and difficult. The first part of that day's journey lay across a deep bay, where the sea had broken up much of the ice, while farther out was open water. Grenfell saw at once that if he could get across on the ice he would cut out some very rough ground round the bay, and also save much precious time. There was a small island about three miles from land, and as the ice between was firm, he crossed to it in safety. From the other side the ice to the mainland seemed fairly safe, for although it had been broken up by the sea, it had been packed in tight again by a strong wind blowing inshore. Without hesitation the doctor started to cross to the other side of the bay, a distance of about four miles.

When about a quarter of a mile from terra-firma, the wind changed, and the ice, released from its pressure, suddenly began to break up rapidly. Grenfell now found that, except for a few ice-pans, there was nothing but sish (powdered ice) around him, covered with a thin veneer of fresh ice which would hold nothing. Realizing his peril, he threw off his oilskins, and yelled to his dogs to make a dash for the shore.

Before a few yards had been covered, however, the komatik sank into the sish, and the dogs and their master were in danger of being dragged to the bottom with it. With great presence of mind, the doctor whipped out his knife and cut the dogs free, keeping firm hold of the leader's trace. This dog made for a chunk of floating ice, like a huge snowball, and succeeded in climbing upon it; then quietly slipped out of the harness, leaving his master still struggling in the water. Although getting numbed with the cold, he managed to grab the trace of another dog, and before long all reached the big snowball in safety. Grenfell at once saw that their refuge would not remain solid long, so, hitching the traces together to make one long line, he succeeded, after many prolonged attempts, in getting the dogs to swim to an ice-pan about twelve yards away, dragging him after them.

There was now breathing space to take stock of the situation. He found that he was not on a solid ice-pan, as he had hoped, but on a great cake of slob (broken) ice, temporarily frozen together. This was certain to break up under the pummeling of the waves, which would increase as time went on, for the wind was steadily blowing his frail ice-craft out to sea. Within sight, but tantalizingly out of reach, he could see his half-submerged komatik, with his warm clothing, thermos flask, and other stores. In the scramble for life he had lost his overalls, cap, coat, and gloves, so that the prospects of being frozen to death were much too close to be pleasant. Shading his eyes from the dazzle of the ice, he could see little hope of rescue. The bay was an isolated one, and unless his comrades turned back and searched for him, it was a thousand chances to one that he would never be seen, still less rescued. Ahead was the mouth of the bay, where great ice-pans were swinging to and fro in a heavy sea, crashing into each other and thundering against the cliffs. Even if seen from the shore, no boat could be put out at such a spot to rescue him.

Every circumstance seemed against him, but with his indomitable spirit, Grenfell prepared to fight with death to the last. His first and most urgent need was protection from the cold, or the oncoming night would be his last. Reluctantly he decided that three of the dogs must give their lives for his, so the best part of the day was spent in killing and skinning three of them—work that kept him comparatively warm and preoccupied. When darkness fell he was about ten miles out from land. Cowering behind the heaped-up carcases of the dogs for shelter from the wind, cuddling up close to the living animals, and sheltering under his dogskin rugs, he spent a troubled night. Awaking before sunrise, he was haunted by the thought that somehow he must have a flag ere he could hope to arrest the attention of any one on the lookout on that desolate shore. Resourceful as ever, he set to work to make a flag-post from the frozen leg-bones of his dead dogs, tying them together with bits of old rope from their harness. He had to take off his shirt for a flag, wrapping himself in a dogskin as a substitute. He passed hour after hour standing on his dwindling ice-craft, holding his strange flag a few feet above his head; on its queer, wobbly pole.

More than once wild hope surged within him as he thought he saw men on the distant cliffs—only to find later that they were trees. Sometimes he thought he saw a boat ahead, but it proved to be pieces of ice. Yet, as the day wore on, he neither lost hope nor courage. The dogs that had been sacrificed protected him from the worst of the cold, and with the warmth of the living animals, he thought he could last for twenty-four hours in that condition, provided his ice-boat held together. So the hours passed, until after one period of flag-waving he thought he saw the glitter of an oar some distance ahead. He had learned to distrust his eyes, however, for he was by now partially snow-blind. Presently the glitter seemed more distinct, until finally he could see quite clearly the black hull of a boat being pulled slowly towards him. If only his ice would hold out, his life would be saved!

At long last his rescuers drew alongside, and it did not take long to transfer the doctor and his dogs from the fast-dissolving ice to the boat. A good long pull at a bottle of hot tea made a new man of him, and then the boat turned homewards. Even then all danger was not past, for the sea was full of floating ice, and between intervals of rowing they had to push great lumps away with the oars, or jump out on an ice-pan and haul the boat across it. When they reached the shore, the difficulty of landing amid the heavy breakers brought home to the doctor the terrible risks that had been run by the brave fellows who had put out to his help. The whole village turned out to give him a rousing welcome. Later he learned that he had first been seen on the ice at dusk on the previous night, and by daybreak a rescue party had been organized of brave men who would have gone through anything to achieve his rescue.

On the journey back to St. Anthony, Grenfell lay on the komatik like a log, and for days afterwards the torture of frozen hands and feet served to keep his narrow escape in the forefront of his mind.

Before many months were over he had another narrow escape from death in a terrible hurricane at sea, when many a skipper lost his ship and all hands. Again we feel the force of the old Newfoundlander's conviction that " the Lord must kape His eye on that man." It was at the end of July—when a calm, sunshiny day seemed to contradict a falling barometer—that the *Strathcona* was anchored in a shallow and unsafe open roadstead, not far from Indian Harbor. As there had been some sudden, fierce squalls, the doctor posted a watch on deck for the night. On the man's warning, steam was got up at midnight, and at daybreak the ship was brought to anchor in Indian Harbor, which the doctor knew from experience was the safest anchorage along that part of the coast. By this time it was blowing such a gale that the little boat belonging to the hospital dragged her anchor and was driven ashore. Fortunately, the *Strathcona's* anchor held.

> The fury of the breeze grew worse as the day went on [says the ship's log]. All the fishing boats in the harbor filled and sank with the driving water. With the increase

in violence of the weather, we got up steam and steamed to our anchors, to ease, if possible, the strain on our two chains and shorelines—a web which we had been able to weave before it was too late. By Sunday the gale had blown itself entirely away, and Monday morning broke flat and calm, with lovely sunshine and only an enormous, solemn ground sea. Knowing that there must be many comrades in trouble we ran north, keeping as close in-shore as we could, and watching the coastline with our glasses.

The coast was littered with remains. Forty-one vessels had been lost; in one uninhabited roadstead alone, some forty miles from Indian Harbor, lay sixteen wrecks. The shore here was lined with rude shelters made from the wreckage of spars and sails, and the women were busy cooking and tidying up the shacks as if they had lived there always. With fifty-odd people aboard, and towing a long trail of nineteen fishing boats, we eventually got back to Indian Harbor, where everyone joined in helping our friends in misfortune, till the steamer came and took them south.

The doctor loves to tell yarns of these seadogs of Labrador, who live up to the glorious traditions of the British race, and make heroic servants of Jesus Christ. One day an old skipper of sixty-seven, who owned his own schooner, by hard work and careful saving, told Grenfell with joy that when that trip was over he was going to sell out and live on the proceeds of his potato-patch in Newfoundland. A few weeks later the doctor was grieved to hear that the old man's vessel had struck on a submerged reef and turned over, and the crew had barely escaped, losing clothes, watches and everything. Grenfell sheltered the old man for a time after the disaster, and was amazed to find that he never once complained of his misfortune.

"I did what I could, and I allow that the Lord knows better than I do what's best," was all he said.

"But what will you do now, skipper?"

"Why, get another," he said. "I think they'll trust me."

So with a deep faith in God the old man started work again at sixty-seven!

The autumn of 1908 saw the doctor again in England, engaged in the familiar work of getting support for the Mission. In the spring, when he was due to return to America, he made a sudden decision that was to have far-reaching effects on his personal life. As he had returned home partly to see his aged mother, who was then nearly eighty, he decided to take her back with him, and she, bravely, was ready to go. They sailed on the *Mauretania* ~~in order that the old lady might have a comfortable passage~~, and on the second day out Grenfell came face to face with a lady passenger—and his fate was sealed. Clearly it was a case of love at first sight, and since the captain was bent on making the trip in record time, our doctor, eager as usual, realized he would have to hustle. The report that he proposed at the moment he first met his wife may be apocryphal, but he admits that when he did propose, the lady said with a gasp of surprise:

"But, doctor, you don't even know my name."

"That doesn't make any difference. I know what it's going to be," was the characteristic reply. They were married in November of that same year, and after a short honeymoon, went to Newfoundland. The doctor has made his home at St. Anthony, for in marrying

Grenfell, his wife has had to marry his work as well—but she is well content. Being a well-educated woman of fine spirit, she soon became "his right-hand man," and so proved that in his impetuous courtship as in so many other enterprises the doctor had been divinely led.

XII

GOING ON

THE story of the later years of Grenfell's work has one ever-recurring refrain. As we study his log-books, letters and reports, we find first a reference to the need for expansion; next an appeal for money and workers; then we read of a lecturing tour in England or America to follow up the appeal; and finally, the return to Labrador to extend hospitals and mission stations, to add to the mission fleet, or to expand other enterprises. In spite of criticism, hostility, personal abuse, misunderstanding, and indifference, the doctor has gone on his way undaunted, moving from success to success.

The tale of constant expansion cannot be told in full here, but its extent can be indicated by reference to certain outstanding events. In 1909 the hospital at St. Anthony was literally besieged by patients, and steps had to be taken to double its accommodation straight away. Grenfell, with fine loyalty to a colleague, throws some light on the reason for this big development in one of his letters:

> The need for this enlargement [he writes] is almost entirely owing to the splendid surgical work of Dr. John Mason Little, of Harvard, who joined us in 1907. Two

summers he has cruised with me in the *Strathcona,* attending to both surgical and medical patients. For two winters he has done practically all the surgical work at St. Anthony. His fame has spread so widely, as the direct result of his successful work, that more unfortunates keep coming to seek aid from longer and longer distances. A climax was reached when fifty-five patients arrived in one day—at a hospital with only fifteen beds! The chronic overcrowding would have seriously hampered the efficiency of the work had it not been for the marvelous fertility of mind of the nurses, who undertook to keep pace with the work even when the sick were scattered about in the open, on balconies, in tents, bunk-houses, and in the jail!

About this time the *Strathcona* was fitted with a wireless apparatus in order that the little vessel could keep in touch with shore stations, and communicate with the mission hospitals. At both Indian and Battle Harbor Hospitals new buildings were added at this period. The varied service rendered by his volunteer doctors makes Grenfell record with pride such an item as the following:

> At Battle Harbor Dr. John Grieve, as a pastime, blasted out the rock for the drains for our enlarging hospital, not before they were needed. He also finished a large reservoir on a hilltop, which should give us a good water supply for the island, lack of which has twice cost us epidemics of typhoid.

In 1910 hospital work was started at Cartwright, a new station on the Labrador coast between Indian and Battle Harbors. In the following year a new mission schooner was built as a gift to the Mission by a New

York merchant, whose name the ship bore—" George B. Cluett." She was a three-masted auxiliary working schooner, so designed as to be unusually fast under sail, and fitted also with a powerful motor. In accordance with the time-honored custom of the Mission, Grenfell suggested that a text of Scripture should adorn the ship as a motto. The designer unfortunately spoiled the effect of this by putting the text underneath the bronze inscription tablet, making it read thus:

This vessel, with full equipment,
was presented to Wilfred T. Grenfell,
by George B. Cluett.
" The sea is His, and He made it."

The launching of another long-projected enterprise became possible in 1911. Three years earlier, negotiations had been opened for the purchase of an Institute at St. John's for the fishermen, but through difficulties of finance and administration, the scheme had to be abandoned. The pressing need for a religious and social center for fishermen visiting the port remained, however, so at the end of 1910 Grenfell launched a temperance campaign, with the Institute as an objective. His methods of arousing public opinion to the need for action were original and effective. A letter over his signature appeared in all the papers, urging the need for temperance propaganda, and reporting that the writer had seen fifteen drunken men staggering along the streets before public worship on Christmas morning. The excessive number of public-houses in the city was also commented upon sharply. The letter was widely read, and became the subject of much discussion. The liquor trade was very annoyed, and angrily denied the allegations made. The doctor stuck to his facts and to his guns, and laid his scheme for a big Temperance Institute before the Governor, who called a public meeting to consider the whole situation. A fine lead to the scheme was given by some of the merchant princes of the colony, and in the end the money Grenfell needed was raised. To "rub in" his victory over the liquor trade, Grenfell secured that King George V should lay the foundation stone of the Fishermen's Institute, by electric communication, on June 22nd, 1911—his Majesty's first public act after his coronation.

By this time it was clear that if all the doctor's ambitious schemes for development were to be realized, a central headquarters on the western side of the Atlantic was essential. The Mission Council in London had its own expanding work in home waters, under the superintendence of Dr. Willway, so that while expressing the greatest goodwill, the Council had to decline all responsibility for the new enterprises of their Labrador superintendent.

From the first local committees for the support of the Labrador work had been operating in Canada and the United States, and their substantial help had alone made much of the doctor's early progress possible.

At a later stage Grenfell Associations of a more permanent character replaced these local committees. A Labrador Medical Mission had been established in

Canada for several years, and also a Newfoundland Grenfell Association, in addition to Labrador branches of the English Mission. In the United States, too, there were several large and active Grenfell Associations. So many independent organizations naturally entailed some overlapping, and a great deal of traveling for Grenfell. In April, 1912, ~~therefore~~, a merger was carried through, and the International Grenfell Association was incorporated in New York, so that all the work could be co-ordinated.

While in the midst of this reorganization, a telegram reached the doctor from St. John's with startling news:

> *Strathcona's* boiler blown up: inspector has condemned it: must crew be paid off?

With a heavy heart the doctor sent a reply in the affirmative. At a time when there was as much need as ever for hospital work along the coast, it was sad to think of the *Strathcona* laid up in dock. There was nothing else for it, however, and the other vessels in the mission fleet had to cope with the situation as best they could. The *Strathcona* was many months out of commission, but a new boiler was fitted and other repairs carried out at the expense of Lord Strathcona.

The outbreak of war in 1914 came at the worst possible moment, from Grenfell's point of view, for through the backing of the International Grenfell Association the work seemed to have settled down for a long spell of prosperity. The blight of war was soon seen over the Mission's activities. Fifteen hundred of the fishermen went into the Naval Reserve while two battalions of men were raised on the Labrador coast. The withdrawal of so many of the bread-winners naturally brought harder times on the little community, with whom life was never easy. In 1915 the hospital of St. Anthony was closed, and Grenfell offered himself for service with the Harvard Surgical Unit, for a winter's work at a base hospital in France, receiving the rank of major. In 1916 he spent three months at the Front with his unit, and saw active service at Ypres, Béthune and Armentières. Mission problems, however, compelled him to return to Newfoundland in the spring.

The post-war years have seen the gradual re-starting and slow return of Grenfell's work to its pre-war activity. The *Strathcona,* after twenty-four years' splendid service, sank in a gale off the Newfoundland coast in 1923. Happily, all on board were rescued. Undaunted, the doctor toured England to raise funds for a successor to his favorite mission boat, and in the following year the *Strathcona II.* was purchased.

While she was being fitted out, the doctor was granted a sabbatic year of rest by his Association. Friends imagined that after his years of traveling between England and America he would spend his vacation in some quiet retreat. But not Grenfell! To him "to rest means to rust," and he made a tour of the world with his wife. It was surely a well-earned vacation—the first in many years for the Doctor of the Labrador—and the voyagers entered upon it with the zest and curiosity of untraveled children. Their journeyings carried them through Egypt, Iraq, India, Malaysia, China, Chosen, and Japan. The story of this world-tour is related in a charming and deeply interesting book entitled *Labrador Looks at the Orient* (Houghton Mifflin). The narrative is shot through and through with the personality of Wilfred Grenfell, who, whether describing the historic past of the immemorial East, or concerning himself with the present pressing problems of the Orient, is always the unflinching advocate of righteousness, a seer predicting with unquenchable optimism, the ultimate triumph of good.

> Love is still the greatest thing in the world [he says, in a concluding paragraph], and alone can solve the mystery of Asia, however pietistic and conventional it may seem to say so. This fact faces the world: China and Japan have awakened from that night which is the real cause of the so-called "mystery," and for good or ill they must henceforth be reckoned with, as well in the struggle for existence as in that for the coming of the kingdom of peace upon the earth and of goodwill among mankind.

Towards the end of the world-tour, Dr. Grenfell was almost counting the days before he could reach Southampton, for the knowledge that the *Strathcona II.* was nearly ready for her maiden voyage made him all anxiety to get back.

When the little steamer lay at Southampton prior to her cross-Atlantic voyage, she looked so small beside other craft that one man said:

"You'll never be able to hire any one to take so small a craft across the Atlantic."

"Don't you worry," replied the doctor cheerily, "I don't suppose I could *hire* anybody, but I'll get lots of fellows who will want to do it for nothing." And he did. A young captain left his wife and child at home and ventured across the Atlantic with the *Strathcona* without fee or reward. During the voyage they were passed by the *Berengaria,* whose captain good-humoredly asked whether they would like him to hoist them up in the davits and give them a lift as far as the Azores!

Grenfell assumed command of the *Strathcona II.* as soon as she reached St. John's, and the summer of 1925 saw him once more cruising north for the Labrador.

> Dense fog in the Straits [says his log for July 22nd], but we made an excellent landfall at Red Bay. The industrial work has made great strides under the guidance of Miss Pike—a great individuality and thoroughly trained. The Governor's wife, Lady Allardyce, has made great progress with her industrial work and now has a shop in St. John's, and is also supplying some nurses to isolated ports. We are delighted to have this commentary on our own efforts, begun in so small a way twenty-odd years ago. The coöperative store here is now twenty-nine years old, and is still going strong. It has done much to support the people of this section of the coast.
>
> The little launch did good service yesterday (the 23rd). Caught in dense fog, and unable to make a harbor, we sent her ahead with Lieutenant Newman, and then picked our way in after him. In the fog, in answer to our siren, we heard a voice shouting back to us. There is no better proof that men are not born equal than experiences of the way they react to impulses in times of danger. There were many boats fishing somewhere in that fog bank, but only one man kept periodically shouting in answer to our horn. When, in his shiny oilskins, he loomed into view, we knew him instantly as the most snapper fisherman around—a man who

acts naturally and quickly to impulses of every kind. This same day I shook the hand of a great big fisherman as he jumped out of his boat to greet me.

"Glad to see you in the flesh," I began.

"I didn't expect you would," he replied. "I upset the dinghy last week, reaching for my trawl buoy, and found myself in the water, oilskins, boots and all. I thought it was 'good-bye;' but by grabbing the stern-post I managed to straddle the keel, and though mostly under water, held on. I kept shouting, of course, but the men seemed not to notice. One man told me afterwards that he never thought it was any one in need of his help, only someone in high spirits! I drifted on and on across the grounds, and in a few minutes would have been sweeping down the Straits, when a boy heard my voice and tried to find out where it came from. He thought he saw a man on an ice-pan; he threw down his lines and came to me, and saved my life."

Our next extract is dated August 7th. It tells of how the new hospital at St. Anthony was assuming shape rapidly. The walls were up to the top of the large basement, the board off the concrete, and the big boiler in place. There was every prospect of having the first floor on to roof it against winter, so that the sand and gravel which were piling up in heaps alongside could be made into good "blocks" or "bricks" for putting up the rest of the building in good time for the following summer.

It makes one feel ever so grateful that our own boys have done it all [Grenfell says]. Today (August 8th) a fisherman who had climbed over this little vessel's rail asked me would I like to go ashore, and see my old friend Uncle Joe.

"Who?" I asked.

"Uncle Joe Davis. You remember the man whose house you came to in the little open boat once in a storm when we was all hungry: and how before you left a storm drove a schooner back north right into our harbor, and how she was loaded with provisions, and you was able to get some for us."

Did I remember? Such memories as those never go; and as we grow older we love them and live on them, even more than we ought.

"But how does Uncle Joe manage to be alive today? That was quarter of a century ago and more. Have you dug him out of the ground, to give me the pleasure of seeing him?"

"No, no, doctor," laughed my friend. "Uncle Joe has been in Newfoundland, but he had to come back to the harbor once more, if only to get his health. He is only ninety-four years old!"

I have digressed from the new hospital. That looms largest in my mind today. It is a testimonial to one successful line of work—a justification for expenditure of some of the money of others in the work of this enterprise in the North, and also to the credentials of the splendid friends who for years have so generously watched over its activities from directors' chairs. But it must be paid for, and that pile of "blocks" rising in the very front of my window would fill a pessimist with anxiety. Each time I return from sea it will be larger, and each time more shilling bricks will be needed.

For twelve months after that visit the work of building went on. In September, 1926, on the eve of his return to England for a lecture tour, Dr. Grenfell took part in the cornerstone laying ceremony of this new hospital, which was to rise at a spot that had long been the general headquarters of the Doctor's Red Cross army.

XIII

"A PARFIT GENTIL KNIGHT"

DURING the following year, work on the new hospital at St. Anthony proceeded apace, so that on July 25, 1927, the building was formally opened by His Excellency Sir William Allardyce, K. C. M. G., Governor of Newfoundland. The ceremony was an impressive, memorable occasion, and the day the most auspicious the inhabitants of St. Anthony had ever known. Both day and occasion combined to constitute the happy consummation of long years of earnest hoping, patient waiting and ceaseless working on the part of the Labrador Doctor and the friends of his work the wide world over,. It was, as Grenfell himself described it, " a glorious day."

In addition to the Governor of Newfoundland, the special visitors included Lady Allardyce; His Honor, Judge F. J. Morris, O. B. E., representing the Prime Minister and people of Newfoundland; Admiral Sir James Startin, K. C. B., who came from England as spokesman of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen; Lady Startin; Rev. John T. Richards, rural dean of the Church of England parishes in Northern Newfoundland, known and beloved as " Parson Richards " by the people to whom he has been an unfailing friend and spiritual advisor for more than a quarter of a century; Theodore Ainsworth Greene and Alfred Whitman, of New York City, representing The International Grenfell Association; the Commander of H. M. S. *Wistaria,* and many others—friends of the work, both old and new.

The visitors were received by Dr. Grenfell, who, in the course of his address of welcome, expressed his deep and lasting gratitude to friends of the work scattered all over the planet, who, by their gifts and prayers, had made that bright and happy occasion possible. It was indeed an hour of rich and joyous harvest. Those of their number who had sown in tears, and toil, and hope—long-deferred at times it may have seemed, yet never extinguished—were, that day, reaping in joy. It was well worth all the exactions of the strenuous past, to come, at length, to a day in the which this hospital at St. Anthony was formally to be placed at the disposal of the sick and suffering in that part of the world.

In declaring the hospital open, Sir William Allardyce paid eloquent tribute to the work done by Dr. Grenfell since his arrival in the Labrador, thirty-five years before.

> During more than the third of a century [said Sir William], Grenfell has labored with a whole-hearted devotion and self-effacement that has won the esteem and admiration of the world, and may well serve as an example to us all. It is not surprising, therefore, that Dr. Grenfell's great work should have received recognition from one whose knowledge of, and deep interest in, every part of his empire is a fact of common knowledge—His Majesty, King George V.—whose personal message I now have the privilege to read to you:

THE KING'S MESSAGE

Sixteen years ago, on the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone of the Seamen's Institute, which bears my name, I expressed my high appreciation of the work of Dr. Grenfell, and those associated with him were doing for sailors and fishermen of Newfoundland. Since then I have watched with interest the progress of that work, and it is with great pleasure that I have learned that it is now to be extended by the provision of a new hospital at St. Anthony. I trust that this hospital will prove of the greatest benefit to the people of Newfoundland.

GEORGE, REX IMPERATOR.

Sir William Allardyce then proceeded to declare the hospital formally opened, concluding his address with an announcement which was received with a great burst of cheering. "I have a statement to make that will, I am sure, give the greatest satisfaction," said the Governor. "His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to confer upon Dr. Wilfred Grenfell the honor of Knight Commander of St. Michael and St. George."

His Honor, Judge F. J. Morris, O. B. E., K. C., followed Sir William Allardyce. Judge Morris, being introduced by Dr. Grenfell's faithful henchman, Dr. Charles S. Curtis, said he brought to that gathering the hearty good wishes and congratulations of Hon. R. S. Monroe, Prime Minister of Newfoundland, and of the people of the Island. In a letter read by Judge Morris, Mr. Monroe explained that, owing to the Legislature being in session, it was a matter of impossibility for any member of the Government to be present that day at St. Anthony.

The opening of this splendid institution marks the climax of Dr. Grenfell's personal efforts [the Prime Minister went on]. I regret exceedingly that I cannot be present to thank him, in person, on behalf of myself and all the many Newfoundlanders who have received help and comfort in times of trouble and distress, and who will be ever grateful to the doctor of the Labrador and the International Grenfell Association.

Speaking for himself personally, Judge Morris said he first became acquainted with the work of Dr. Grenfell and his associates a score of years ago when pursuing his duties as Judge of the Labrador Court. What that work was in those days, it was at that hour—fraught with the greatest good for suffering humanity.

This day marks the culmination of thirty-five years of faithful service [said Judge Morris] in Northern Newfoundland and Labrador. During this period of time he has built and equipped four hospitals, seven cottage hospitals, two orphanages, and three public schools, for which he has also secured substantial endowment. For such laudable endeavor and splendid accomplishments, Dr. Grenfell has most surely earned, as he has received, the gratitude of the people of Newfoundland and Labrador.

Admiral Sir James Startin followed with a stirring speech, after which Lady Allardyce made touching reference to the tablet to be unveiled that day in memory of those who answered the Empire's call in the days of the World War. " May this little stone remind us," said Lady Allardyce, " that we, too, may humbly help to build a living memorial to those who gave their lives guarding the Grenfell spirit of swift, loving, loyal service to all who are in need."

The memorial tablet was unveiled by Donald Moore, of the War Veterans of Newfoundland, after which Rev. N. S. Noel, the local "padre," spoke briefly. "Last Post" was then sounded by Sir William Allardyce's guard of honor from H. M. S. *Wistaria*. The concluding benediction was pronounced by Parson Richards, and the proceedings terminated with the singing of the National Anthem.

In *Among Deep Sea Fishers* (October, 1927), Sir Wilfred wrote as follows concerning the opening of the hospital:

> The sick in our wards were greatly cheered [he says, in part]. To every one of them, filling every bed in the great building, it brought a great comfort and a real cheer as our famous guests visited each. It made them believe in Christ again, as more than one of them told me. We have read of how He healed the sick, the blind, and the lame two thousand years ago. Yet we are apt to forget that He goes on doing it just the same today, except that, instead of doing it Himself, in person, He gives us that infinite joy. He shows us that He needs us and loves us, and makes our humble, lonely, isolated lives, away here to the North, full of dignity and worthwhileness, and so of joy and optimism. . . .
>
> The glory of life is that all can know something and all give something, for most of what we know this side the Great Divide is learned by what we do and what we give. It is a slow process, that of our learning, but time is long. Time does fly. It is we who pass away. There is no death, and we of the West now know it, as the Orientals have known and thought it all through the ages. Never has there been written more deeply on our hearts the greatest of all truths—that life is a knighthood to be held inviolate on a field of honor, and where, while there is time, we can do good to all men. The wireless of love transcends time and space, traveling, literally, around the world and through the

ages, bridging over absolutely and completely those phantoms that our sins and fears and failures conjure up and call " Death " and " The Grave." What victory has bogies —what victory *can* they have—to sadden and appall the sons of God?

The hospital at St. Anthony is, in every respect, thoroughly equipped, up-to-date, efficient in the highest degree. Under the devoted leadership of Dr. Charles Curtis, of Harvard, who so ably and unselfishly carried forward the work in the former wooden building, this institution is making life, as it has to be lived on the bleak coasts of Labrador, brighter, freer from pain, more worth while. The hospital has received the standardization of the Royal College of Surgeons. It is furnished with modern plumbing, heating and electric lighting; it has a fine X-ray plant, splint-room, laundry, and operating room; a thoroughly equipped dental department, a special department for children, a fine nurses' home, and the only radium north of Halifax, on the east Atlantic seaboard.

> The hospital at St. Anthony is our greatest triumph so far [says Sir Wilfred]. It is fitting, moreover, that of all the stations of the International Grenfell Association, St. Anthony should have the finest hospital. For many years the wooden structure had been falling into decay, and had become totally inadequate to care for the many patients who came from all parts of Newfoundland, as well as from Labrador, to seek the skilled aid they found there. To Dr. Charles Curtis the fishermen owe a greater debt than they realize, for he has given not only his superior professional skill, but his unstinted interest in and labor for every effort made on our coast to make life brighter than heretofore.

During the three years that have followed its formal opening by Sir William Allardyce, the hospital at St. Anthony has rendered magnificent service. An average six-months record discloses the fact that one hundred and seventy in-patients and five hundred and fifty out-patients have been recipients of its relief and benefits. In addition, work has been carried briskly forward at the hospitals which had their being prior to the establishment of the institution at St. Anthony. " 'Tis the Lord's doing, and is marvelous in our eyes."

In 1929, Sir Wilfred Grenfell was chosen Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University, and in the November of that year delivered his Rectorial Address. Exhibiting a quaint fancy and appreciation of the apposite such as would have done honor to a certain famous predecessor in office, known the world over for his incomparable whimsies, Sir Wilfred selected, as the subject of his address, *The Fishermen's Saint.*

> St. Andrew is the patron saint of fishermen among whom my work has lain for more than forty years [he said, by way of explanation]. Moreover, St. Andrew is not only the patron saint of this university, but also of the whole of Scotland. So, hoping that my experience might serve as my excuse, and make my address sufficiently utilitarian, I wrote to your Principal to ask him whether our common patron saint had ever been made the subject of a Rectorial Address, and learned that he had not been especially mentioned, even unfavorably, from this rostrum. I determined to rectify the omission. . . .
>
> As I have said, my personal field of experience has been among fishermen from the Bay of Biscay to the North Cape of Norway, from the English Channel to the North Cape of

Iceland. I have fished with the men of Gloucester, Massachusetts, and cruised with the sealers and whalers of Greenland and Hudson Bay, with the great cod-fishing fleets of Newfoundland, the salmon catchers of British Columbia; I have watched the tarpon fishers in Florida and our Oriental brethren on the Inland Sea of Japan. I have visited the floating fishermen along eight hundred miles of the Yangtse-Kiang and fished from the open-bottomed catamarans off the Coromandel Coast. Mine has been a marine campus, but its problems are the same as those which confront you in your lives upon the land.

Using the word "university" of fishermen in the old Roman sense, I gladly acknowledge that its ignorant and unlearned alumni have taught me some vital truths which I did not know, and could not learn in the days in which I regarded myself as being infallible. For it is one of life's splendid challenges and its great glory, that not even the most humble "working" man can live to himself. It was in just such a university that St. Andrew and his comrades learned the great truth that each of us is a citizen of the whole universe, and enabled them to put to shame the theory of heredity, or that the real value of life is limited by the breeding of the body or the purely intellectual standards of the mind.*

And now, in the year 1930, one sees the great work of Sir Wilfred Grenfell still moving steadily forward. A new boat, about the size of *Strathcona II*, and named *Maravel*, has been donated by a newly-found friend of the Mission in New York City. She is an oil-burner, has been specifically built with an eye to the work in which she is to be engaged, and intended especially for duty in Labrador. A new haul-up slip for repairing schooners has been built at St. Anthony, and is proving a great boon to the fishing craft of the Labrador, seeing that the next nearest repairing slip is at St. John's, three hundred miles to the southward. (It was in making an attempt to reach this slip that the gallant little *Strathcona* was lost.) Coöperative stores, orphanage houses, schools, industries, are being maintained and multiplied, and, of course, the great, beneficent work of healing and the alleviation of human suffering goes on unceasingly. Grenfell, at sixty-five, is, today, as optimistic and as energetic as ever. He is laying plans for further developments, as though time need not be taken into reckoning. Nor need it; whether he lives for many years yet to come or otherwise concerns him but very little. He knows his work will go on, for it is rooted and grounded in love and the spirit of the Highest.

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* *The Fishermen's Saint* (London, Hodder and Stoughton).

This record may be fittingly brought to a close by quoting a stirring appeal made by Sir Wilfred during a speaking tour in England, October, 1926:

> Jesus Christ challenges us to be His knights [he said], to go forth into the world to make it better. We are not here to be "safe." We must have faith and take risks. Life is not meant to be easy and humdrum. Life is a challenge, and we are so made as to respond, for we are the sons of God. In 1883 I heard Christ's challenge and accepted it, and for thirty-five years I have been going on with this work in Labrador. We now have a fine little hospital at every hundred to one hundred and fifty miles along that bleak coast.
>
> There is the terrible fact that if I had not heard the call of Christ in the tent that day I might possibly have been a

physician in Harley Street, being driven about in my Rolls-Royce! I would not have lost the opportunity of going to Labrador for anything. Nine-tenths of my staff are volunteers. Love is the force, the dynamic, by which God enables us to serve and save the world, and He works through us in the common things and common ways of everyday life. God calls to us because He needs us. By and by it will not be, "What did you *know?*" that we shall be asked, but "What did you *do?*"

These are the words of a man of whom it can truly be said that,

This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf—
That first he wrought and afterwards he taught.

For many a long year he has been numbered among the true and valiant knights who have rallied about the standard of King Jesus. In these later days, he has been given the honor of earthly knighthood at the hands of his temporal sovereign, George V. Surely none has more richly deserved his spurs than Sir Wilfred, who has proved himself "a veray parfit gentil knight"—one on whose 'scutcheon there is no blot, on whose morion there is no stain.

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